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THE THEATRE



MR. DONALD BRIAN
as the Prince in "The Merry Widow."

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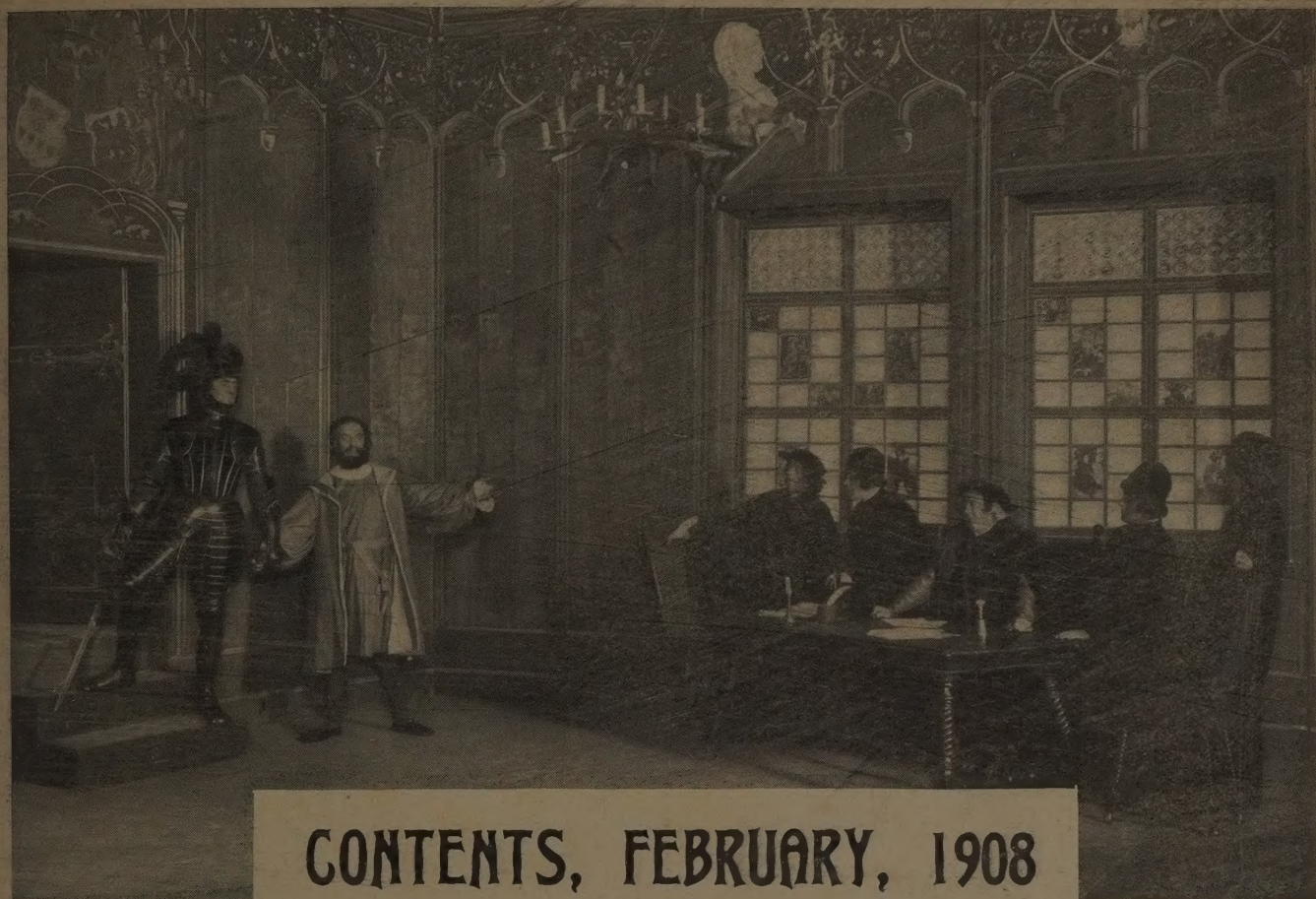
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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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THE THEATRE

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Byron, N. Y.

MRS. FISKE AS REBECCA WEST IN IBSEN'S DRAMA "ROSMERSHOLM"



SCENE IN E. H. SOTHERN'S REVIVAL OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN"

LYRIC. "ROSMERSHOLM." Drama in four acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced Dec. 30 with this cast:

John Rosmer.....	Bruce McRae	Ulric Brendel.....	George Arliss
Rebecca West.....	Mrs. Fiske	Peter Mortensgard.....	Albert Bruning
Rector Kroll.....	Fuller Mellish	Madam Helseth.....	Florence Montgomery

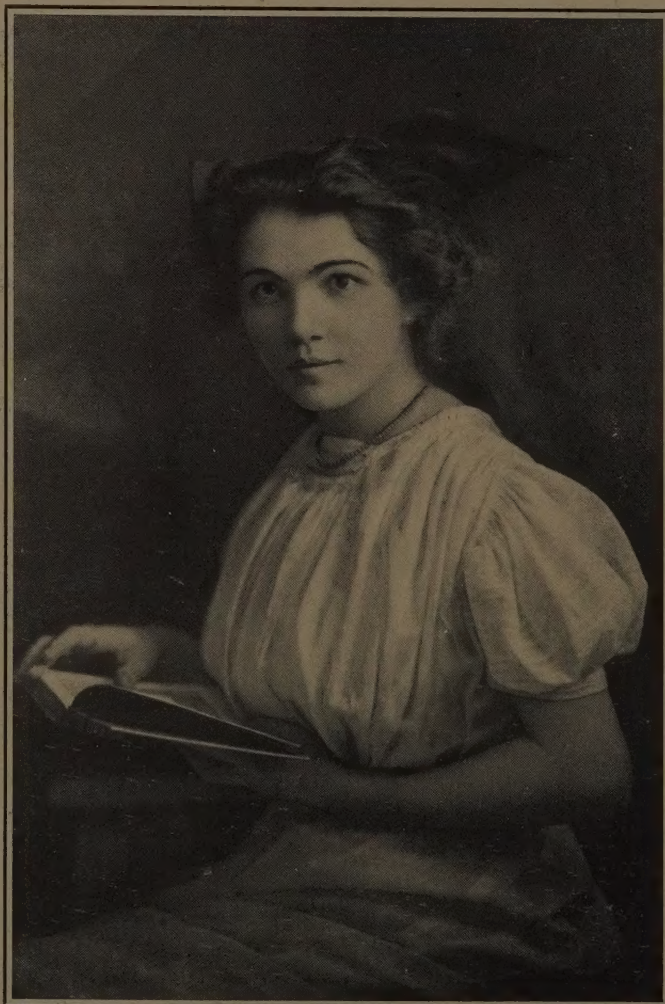
If Ibsen's plays were enjoyable only by reason of the masterly art in them and not for the effect that the art aims to secure, it would be impracticable for any manager to produce them. No dramatist would hesitate to reject any praise of his skill if his purpose on exercising it were not recognized. It is only a means to an end. We would ourselves feel ill at ease if all we could say of "Rosmersholm" concerned the manner and not the substance of it. We frankly confess that some of Ibsen's plays are as pitiless and uninviting as the edicts of the law, wholly unsympathetic from the point of view of anyone who loves his fellow man and is compassionate toward his weaknesses when beset by evil. We are inclined to shut our eyes to the tortures of a soul that is damned and that ought to be damned. But in "Rosmersholm" the grim old dramatist touches the heart with an exalted and pure character in John Rosmer, "former clergyman of the parish." Nor do we exclude Rebecca West from our sympathies. The relations between these two reach tragic expiation and are developed through a struggle that we must respect.

Wherever Ibsen is obscure, and has to be explained by Mr. William Archer or anyone else, he is not for the people. If we have to become acquainted with political conditions in Norway in order to understand him it would not be worth the while, and he would be impossible. But, in this case, we do not have to do that. Rector Kroll, who in all common sense should be called Professor Kroll, is a type that is a familiar one wherever narrowness has manifested itself in religion and in social regulations. As played by Mr. Fuller Mellish we know him. We have a certain respect for the hard and narrow nature that has about it the truth of conviction at least.

Without impairing the observation that the art of anything is a secondary matter in our enjoyment of a play, we can properly say that the perfection of art, in the acting and in the play combined, makes this production something to see. Ulric Brendel, in the hands of Mr. George Arliss, is a character that has its compensation apart from his somewhat remote relation to the action of the play. The satire on the futility of dreaming in matters of social reform is hit off to the life. Peter Mortensgard is the type of the agitator and grafter as true here as in Norway. Taken altogether this group of characters leaves the conviction of the utter hopelessness of the conditions surrounding John Rosmer and Rebecca. This play is pure, logical and impressive.

Mrs. Fiske's Rebecca is one of her greatest achievements, sincere in every line spoken and in every means of expression, with every meretricious artifice absent. We do not believe that Ibsen wished to be other than tender with Rebecca. If she was designing at first, circumstances were stronger than her cunning, and the dramatist makes us forgive the effort that she made to gain a happiness that she thought belonged to her. Assuming that he meant to protest against the power of narrowness in modern society, he presses home the great lesson of the existence and purity and power of conscience. To speak of it as the tragedy of two souls does not strike the essence of the relationship. It is a tragedy of the highest impressiveness, one that no manner of comment on the use of the mill-race or observations about "white horses" can lessen. The means of suicide is immaterial. The tragedy is not in the act or its manner of accomplishment. It reached its highest point of exaltation when they went arm in arm from the house. We do not go into detail as to the performance of Mrs. Fiske. It is not necessary. Her performance will be witnessed by all who know her excellence.

Mr. Bruce McRae plays John Rosmer in the proper key, and does not yield to the fault of



Hallen

JOSEPHINE VICTOR
As Joy in "The Secret Orchard"

acting for points. The production of this play at the present time is educational in the matter of honest playwriting. Its art rebukes the hollow trumpery of much that now burdens our stage.

BIJOU. "THE COMET." Play in three acts by Owen Johnson. Produced December 30 with this cast:

Dr. Leopold Ravanel.....	Dodson Mitchell	Nanna	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Fernand.....	Brandon Tynan	Filipo	Robert Coleman
Cecelia	Florence Fisher	Lona	Madame Nazimova

Deep in the recesses of the Spanish Pyrenees,—although not deep enough, as it turns out,—lives a doctor, with his ward, an innocent girl, and his son, a young man who in long and passionate speeches voices his desire to get out into the distant world and elevate it. The young ecstatic has seen a pale woman dashing by in her stately coach and feels lured on by her haunting and dreamy eyes. He must get into the tangible world for some intangible purpose, although his father assures him that it is a wicked world. He leaves the impression on us that it is much wickeder than has been supposed generally by you or the rest of us, in spite of the fact, now generally recognized, that there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that few of us care to retire to the mountains. However, we accept him as a good, kind old philosopher.

The woman with the wonderful eyes appears. She is the sister of the innocent girl. She had disappeared years ago and has gained fame on the stage, being known as "The Comet." Her name has never been mentioned during her absence in the wicked world. Her pictures have been shut up in her room, which is kept locked. The younger sister learns of her, awaits her coming, which has been announced by letter, and places the pictures about the room. The Comet comes. Why she appears is nebulous. She is not pleased to look upon the image of herself in the younger days. She is not glad to see young sister. She is not glad to see anybody. She has returned to dispel her last illusion. How? It never appears. Again and moreover, what illusion or delusion? She comes on with the pallor of death in her face. One feels that she has left Death in her trail and that Death has entered the house with her. Her neck is swathed in a medieval collar about two feet in altitude and mauve in color. There are dark rings under her eyes. She is a most miserable Comet. Famine and unhappiness would seem to stalk with her; but the youth recognizes in this woman, twenty years older than himself, his affinity. He has found what he has been looking for. What has he been looking for? Why, his symbol. It is perfectly plain. His soul has gone out to this vampire. The father returns and then we have some explanations. He forbids his son to depart with her, and orders her out of the house as Cotton Mather would a witch. He is a stern Puritan. The boy declares that he will kill himself rather than give her up.

Father and the Symbol have a private interview, in which it develops that he had a very good reason for not wishing to look the wicked world in the face. He had taken advantage of this mauve colored lady of sorrows when she was quite a young comet. She describes her career after she went out into the world and tells him of their infant boy who died of starvation in her first struggles. The young man shoots himself. The vampire leaves in her coach amid such a rumble of wheels as only a symbolic coach could make.

What does it all mean? The audience found it utterly incomprehensible and indefensible and reprehensible. They engaged in seemly mirth. The author is a new one. We know where he is going; but where did he come from?

HUDSON. "HER SISTER." Play by Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced December 24 with this cast:

Eleanor Alderson.....	Ethel Barrymore	Miss Rowly.....	Anita Rothe
Mrs. Bickley.....	Fanny Addison Pitt	Arnold Collingworth.....	Arthur Byron
Mrs. Herriard.....	Lucile Watson	Ernest Bickley.....	Charles Hammond
Jane Hammond.....	Desmond Kelley	George Saunders.....	Lumsden Hare
Miss Minety.....	Louise Drew	Footman	Rockcliffe Fellows

A young woman, personally charming and a paragon of virtue, is supporting herself in London as a fortune teller. One has to make a living. Perhaps few female fortune tellers, receiving



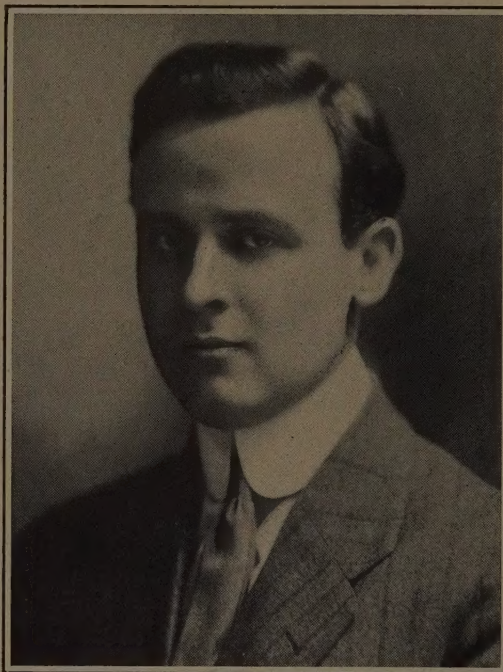
MAUDE ADAMS AS CHICOT IN "THE JESTERS"

clients in a weird room with all the paraphernalia of deceit, are quite as worthy as we are asked to believe Eleanor Alderson to be. It is certain that still fewer of them casually meet a young man of good family in a railway train, fascinate him, and become engaged to him, and are accepted by the family, who know of her vocation, on condition that she stand investigation. The young man turns out to be a cad and never was worthy of this lovely liar of a fortune teller, but his uncle proceeds to investigate, falls in love with her in her red robe, and reports in her favor. In the meanwhile her sister has met a man on a railway journey, or in some other manner, and is engaged to him. She is under investigation also, for her name has been brought into a scandal connected with a divorce suit. She is a noted beauty and also an actress, whose picture is spread broadcast in the newspapers. She and her sister are very much alike in appearance. The man to whom she is engaged is of the same family to whose house the fortune teller is now invited to spend a season for inspection. A jealous woman, the rival for the hand of the cad, brings it about that the fortune teller feels constrained to declare that she is the original of the picture that is produced. She sacrifices herself to

enable her sister to marry happily and with a safe reputation. True, she does not give up anything in foregoing her own marriage; and she could not have contrived it better to marry the uncle who is carrying on the investigation. He discovers that she has lied, and the sister's betrothed believes in the innocence of the woman he loves, because such an amiable and able liar must be honest and true. Of course, all the situations that are so happily solved are forced. The play is plainly the work of a stage manager, steeped in the mere tricks of the trade. It is enough for him to get effects, situations, whether the causes be adequate and sufficiently demonstrated or not. The equations are not there. There is no proof of that absorbing love for her sister that would cause a sister to make such a sacrifice. Where is the proof of the innocence of the merely foolish and imprudent actress? The circumstances are certainly against her. We have the word of Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, but as we take some interest in family pride and common sense, we beg to demur. Personally, we have no doubt that Eleanor's sister is all right, but a dramatist must prove his facts. The play could not survive an hour were it not for the interest infused into the leading rôle by the pleasing personality of Miss Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore still declines to impersonate anybody but her own charming self, and her work is still marred by a sing-song speech that becomes at times distinctly monotonous. But the public likes her, and in this rôle of the self-sacrificing fortune teller she is as interesting as in any other rôle in which she has been seen for some time.

It is interesting to note how much the resources of actors are called upon in a weak play. How precious a little business here and there! Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt does valorous work with such simple instruments as her rubber shoes. Happy thought in the dire emergency to get comedy out of them, after she has taken them off, by fanning herself with them! An additional sum is brought into the box office by her business of poking her relative, Arnold Cullingworth, with her umbrella!

The play is artificial, devoid of all reality, and its use emphasizes the dearth of suitable material.



WILLIAM ELLIOTT

Plays the rôle of Wes' Bigelow's adopted son in "A Grand Army Man"

DALY'S. "JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR." Play in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced December 23 with this cast:

John Glayde.....	James K. Hackett
Trevor Lerode.....	William Sauter
Howard Collingham.....	George M. Graham
Christopher Branley.....	David Glassford
Michael Shurmur.....	Walter D. Greene
Walters.....	Lawrence Eddinger
Servants.....	T. C. Diers, Frank W. Hunter
Muriel Glayde.....	Miss Darragh
Princesse de Castagnary.....	Olive Oliver
Lady Lerode.....	Ida Waterman
Mrs. Rennick.....	Beatrice Beckley
Dora Longman.....	Irene Moore

An Englishman, Mr. Alfred Sutro, wrote a play, "John Glayde's Honour." The central figure, an American Captain of Industry, was created in London, where the play was first produced by an Englishman, George Alexander. In that metropolis the play was a great success and ran for nearly 200 nights.

Presented in this city, with a local favorite as John Glayde, Mr. James K. Hackett, the drama lasted for exactly two weeks. The play in spots had decided merit. There was a good story, brilliant dialogue at times, fair characterization, and once and again genuine dramatic suspense. But there was faulty construction in several instances, and a particularly vicious anti-climax at the

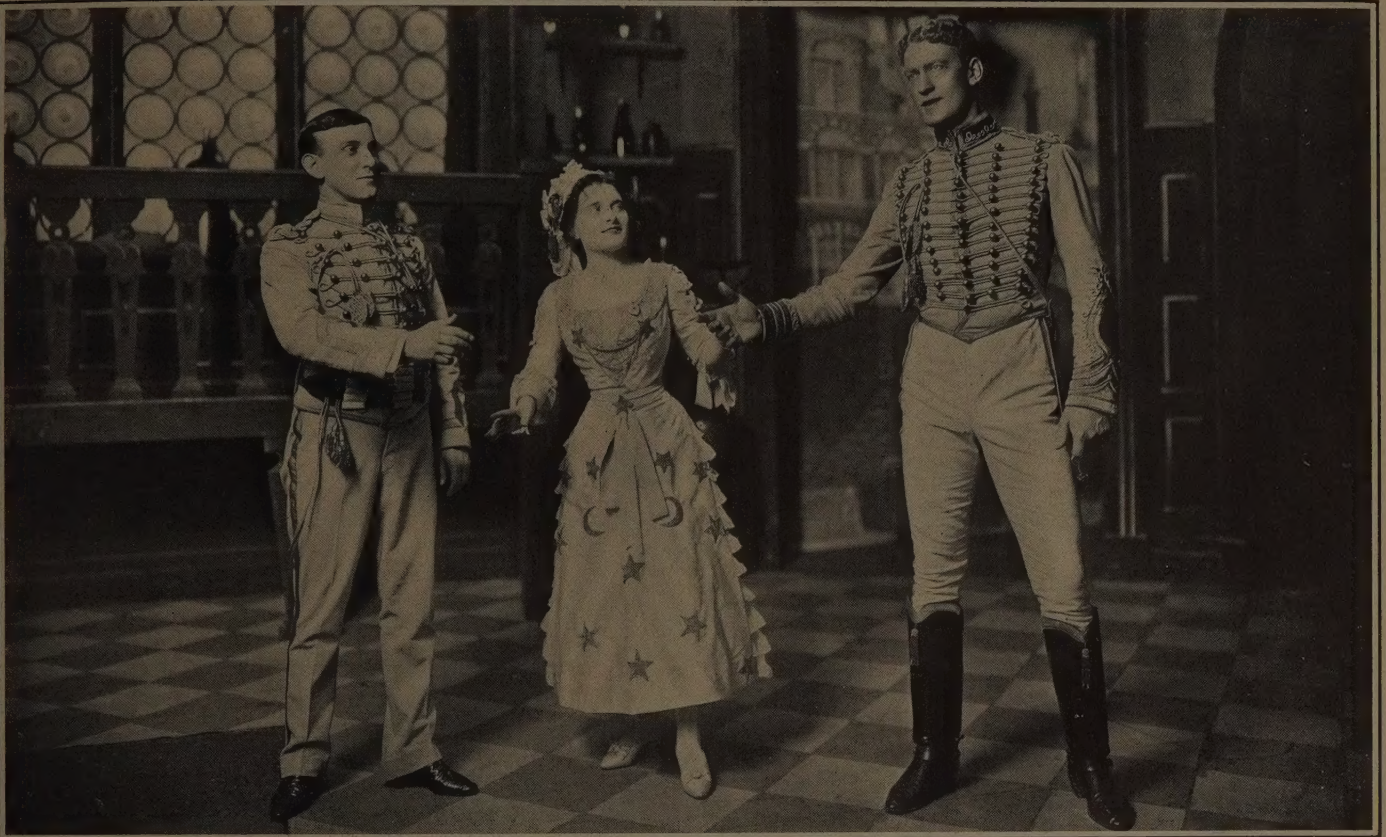


Charles Cherry

Maxine Elliott

Act III. Mr. Hilton: "Where did you get all this silver?"

SCENE IN H. V. ESOMD'S PLAY "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE



John McCloskey

Christie MacDonald

Bertram Wallis

SCENE IN ACT II OF "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND" AT THE CRITERION

conclusion of Act III. But the main and vital defect was that whatever his ethics, John Glayde was not a realistic representation of our strenuous financial life. He was a lay figure, padded with adventitious and theatrical detail that in no sense suggested those living, breathing giants of our commercial force. John Glayde, wrapped up in his various business affairs, all of appalling magnitude, neglects his wife who, living abroad, finds solace in the companionship of an artist younger than herself. Glayde, warned, crosses the Atlantic. His suspicions aroused, the mendacity of the wife allays them. He realizes his selfishness and proposes a new honeymoon. The wife, however, will have none of it, but though her elopement is frustrated, Glayde realizes the futility of ever regaining her affection and bids the meretricious pair to go in peace. A bold and up-to-date subject, but not treated with the skill and thoroughness its merits deserved. Nor was the presentation a convincing one. Every single player drove home his epigrammatic points with a sledge hammer force that robbed the social persiflage of every bit of spontaneity. Mr. Hackett as Glayde was earnest, but it was a theatrical effort. Miss Darragh as the recreant wife evinced genuine emotional force, and real feeling was ex-

pressed with nice artistic detail by Miss Olive Oliver as the Princesse de Castagnary. William Sauter acted the lover with manliness and expression, and Miss Ida Waterman presented his emotional mother with much graphic humor.

LYRIC. "THE SECRET ORCHARD." A dramatization of Agnes and Eger-ton Castle's story by Channing Pollock. Produced December 16 with this cast:



Byron

Joe Weber as Disch

Lulu Glaser as Fonia

THE BUREESQUE OF "THE MERRY WIDOW" AT WEBER'S

The Canon of St. Magdalen...F. C. Bangs
Blanchette.....Gertrude Augarde
Doctor Lebel.....Frank E. Lamb
The Duchess of Cluny...Adelaide Prince
Duke of Cluny.....William Courtenay
Jacques Favereau...Edward R. Mawson
Madame Rodriguez.....Olive May
Marquise of Lormes...Henrietta Vaders
Marquis of Lormes....F. Newton Lindo
Lieutenant George Dodd...Burke Clarke
Joy.....Josephine Victor
Antoine.....Harry McAuliffe

Here is a subject with which such writers as Dumas, profoundly impressed with its importance, have failed. The philosophical proposition to demonstrate is that the real and innate innocence of a girl is not destroyed by betrayal in circumstances that show her good faith and confidence. The dramatist cannot handle it in a merely theatric way. He must make an honest play of it. No audience can be made to conjoin its sympathies with its reason by dint of sobbing on the part of the hapless girl.

It is astonishing how soon an unskilled or careless dramatist can permit disunity to find a place in his action. In this piece



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS DESMOND KELLEY

Now appearing with Ethel Barrymore in "Her Sister"

it begins immediately and with the theme itself. Has Mr. Pollock cut loose from the novel? Not to the extent of eliminating certain unnecessary elements. In the novel the girl is the daughter of a courtesan. Of what earthly use is that fact in the play? It introduces a double theme at once. It cannot be permitted to lie dormant and inactive. It has to do with the case if retained. The girl should be of good parentage, innocent in source, bred in ignorance of the duplicity of man. It is going to take art, at that, to wash her guilt away, and some potent charm must be used to soothe her melancholy. That charm is not found in a love-sick youth who will marry her "anyway."

The novel was written by an Englishman and his wife. With the invariable considerateness of the Briton, it will be observed, they assigned it to an American to pull their chestnut out of the fire. An Englishman was too good for it. We do not appreciate the distinction if the girl is to remain of tainted birth. We may rebel against social conventions and prejudice, but we doubt if any American naval officer could follow the example of Lieutenant Dodd and continue to eat out of the same platter with his mess. Conventionalities and common sense are not so easily battered down. Thus, the play is brought to nothing at the outset in confronting an insoluble thing. With this impediment there can be no true or satisfactory action. Her birth remains a theme whether it is worked out or not. The cause of the action in this play should be what the young man will feel, think, say

and do, discovering the facts, not whether the wife would forgive the husband, and yet as much space is given to that as to the real matter at issue. As it is, the winning of the girl by a lieutenant in the American navy is comedy. What else? Is the right of the girl to happiness in spite of her misfortune proved? Is the mother won over? The husband is restored to the love of his good wife. If that is not comedy, what is it?

The girl refuses to the last to marry our mooncalf, because she feels that she is unworthy. Is she to be convinced of her right to happiness after the fall of the curtain? Marrying a lover does not settle the question. It is the usual situation play and does not touch the merits of the matter. It completely misses the point. It is an entertainment, perhaps, an American wife with a gambling husband contributing to its lighter moments by a fit of hysteria, and whose only real use in the play is to influence the wife of the seducer not to obtain a divorce by reason of her example.

Miss Josephine Victor made the best of her opportunities, and if the play had been sincerely conceived she would have safely swum into fame. She has temperament and can convey pathos. The present cast could have carried the other play to great heights of success. Mr. Edward Mawson in particular gave a rare performance of a sympathetic friend of the Duchess of Cluny, a refined gentleman and a polished man of the world. "The Secret Orchard" will have its short day, but the supreme play on the subject remains to be written, if it ever will be successfully done.

(Continued on page ix.)



Matzner

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD

Now playing the leading feminine rôle in "Miss Hook of Holland"



From a photograph given by M. Sardou to the publishers

VICTORIEN SARDOU IN HIS LIBRARY AT MARLY LE ROI, NEAR PARIS

Sardou's New Play "L'Affaire des Poisons"

AT the advanced age of seventy-seven, Victorien Sardou has produced another important historical drama which the critics declare worthy to rank with his best. It is in five acts and entitled "The Poisoning Case" (*L'Affaire des Poisons*). It was produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, on December 7th last, the principal rôles being played by Coquelin Aîné, Mlle. Gilda Darthy, Mlle. Berangère, Mlle. C. de Raisy, M. Laroché, M. Dorival, and Mme. Delphine Renot.

Jean Richepin, the distinguished French poet, reviewing the play, says of its famous author:

"Sardou is a prodigious magician. Life, movement, action, are his essential qualities. The same extraordinary vitality and activity the man has shown for many years in private life, the dramatist reveals in his plays, which are alert, rapid in action, ingenious in plot, crammed with erudition, yet without pedantry, analyzing and probing the soul, yet without psychological pretention, relying more on anecdote, vividness of story, the conflict of passions, the clash of words, emitting sparks that frequently illumine undreamed of depths. Sardou has again triumphed in this '*L'Affaire des Poisons*,' which the public greeted with unanimous applause, with endless recalls, happy to acclaim the glorious and always young constable of our dramatic literature. It is with heartfelt joy that I share this enthusiasm, for Sardou honors our profession, our entire guild. The ovation which the first night audience paid him renders justice to a man who is in himself the theatre incarnate, the dramatist whose one thought and dream his whole life long have been the mastery of this beautiful, difficult, and most popular of all the arts."

The time of the play is during the reign of Louis XIV. Two convicts who have escaped from Toulon are pursued by peasants. One of these convicts, named Carloni, is killed by a musket ball. Before dying he confesses to his companion the part he took in the poisoning of the Duke of Savoy. The money he was paid for this

crime is hidden in Paris in the garden of Madame Voisin, a fortune teller and a dealer in poisons. The convict who receives this confession is not a professional criminal, but a journalist named Abbé Griffard, who has been condemned to the gallows for libel. The foregoing constitutes the prologue of the play.

In Act I Abbé Griffard returns to Paris and tells his secret to M. Reynie, Lieutenant of the Royal Police. There has been considerable anxiety about the number of sudden deaths, which it is believed is due to poisoning, and the authorities are trying to trace home to Fouquet and his followers a plot to poison Louis XIV. The Court is also disturbed by the struggle of the Marquise de Montespan, a favorite who is losing her power, against Mlle. de Fontanges, who is more in the Royal favor, and above all against Mme. de Maintenon, as yet a secret favorite but soon to become the greatest of them all. It also transpires that Mlle. d'Ormoize, maid of honor of Mlle. de Fontanges, is jealous of the latter because her lover Hector de Tralage is in love with the young favorite.

In Act II is seen the house of Mme. Voisin, the sinister fortune teller, who is visited by her numerous patrons, Mlle. d'Ormoize, who wants a philter to prevent herself being abandoned, Hector de Tralage and other gentlemen, out of curiosity, and the chambermaid of Mme. de Montespan, who announces the visit of her mistress for that evening. Between times, there comes also Abbé Griffard, who has promised M. Reynie to discover the poisoners, who, it is believed, are an organized gang. Thanks to Carloni, the Abbé is enabled to regain Mme. Voisin's confidence, and he soon acquires the certainty that Fouquet's friends are really plotting to poison the King. He pretends to be one of their number himself, and Mme. Voisin agrees to share with him the profits of the crime. After this arrives Mme. de Montespan whom Mme. Voisin persuades to celebrate the Black Mass, so as to obtain a philter, a magic powder which will bring the King back to her completely.

This powder, without the Marquise suspecting it, will be the poison which Fouquet's friends want to administer to the King. The Black Mass is celebrated, Abbé Griffard taking part, but without knowing the identity of the masked woman.

Act III shows the grotto of Thetis during a marvelous fête given by the King. While they are listening to the music Abbé Griffard tries to recognize among the great ladies of the Court the woman of the Black Mass. He discovers that it is the Marquise de Montespan. He is terrified, and decides that it is too dangerous to go any further into the affair. Suddenly Mlle. de Fontanges faints and almost dies after drinking a glass of milk handed to her by Mlle. d'Ormoize. Everybody suspects another poisoning. The young woman is arrested, although innocent. On the other hand, it is rumored that Mme. Voisin has been put in the Bastille and that before her arrest the Black Mass had been celebrated at her house. Abbé Griffard lets the Marquise de Montespan understand that he knows she was at this Black Mass, that she ought to proclaim the innocence of Mlle. d'Ormoize and that if she will not he will make her. It then becomes a struggle between this powerful young woman and the man whose only weapon is his honesty.

Act IV takes place in the office of M. Reynie where the ministers, Colbert and Louvois, are in conference. They have the confessions of the Voisin band from which it appears that the Marquise de Montespan has often frequented the fortune teller's house and has had the Black Mass celebrated and was, knowingly or not, the accomplice of Fouquet's friends, while Mlle. d'Ormoize was perfectly innocent. The two ministers want to hush up such a scandal, fearing it may hurt the King's prestige. But the King has asked to see this Abbé Griffard who knows so much. For reasons of State the two ministers insist that the Abbé keep silent on what he knows and that he sacrifice Mlle. d'Ormoize for the sake of Royalty's prestige. The Abbé refuses in the name of justice.

In Act V Louvois, in a fit of fury, has given orders to Reynie to put Abbé Griffard in the Bastille, but the Lieutenant of Police has let the Abbé escape and he has taken refuge with Mme. de Maintenon. The King, distressed at the idea of Mme. de Montespan being the accomplice of conspirators who seek to poison him, confronts the Marquise and the Abbé on the question whether it is true or not that she was present at the Black Mass. She denies it. The Abbé insists that she was present. Who is telling the truth? The Abbé has up his sleeve a decisive proof. All that Mme. de Montespan wanted from Mme. Voisin was a philter to enable her to retain the love of the King. Instead of that they made her put in the King's glass a powder which was not the philter she wanted, but a deadly poison. She was not aware of this and is startled when the Abbé reveals it to her. If the Abbé has been lying up to now the powder is inoffensive and the King can drink the mixture without danger. Let him drink it! No! Mme. de Montespan does not wish the death of her Royal lover. She rushes to him just as he is about to drink it and dashes the cup from his lips. This is really a confession that she has put a powder in the beverage, that she was a patron of Mme. Voisin and an unwitting accomplice of Fouquet's friends, yet guilty nevertheless, while Mlle. d'Ormoize is innocent of everything. The act closes with an angry scene between the King and the Marquise, each accusing the other, and the Marquise goes out a ruined

woman. Mlle. d'Ormoize is proclaimed innocent and the Abbé Griffard is rewarded by a position in the Royal library.

The following from Act II of the play is an excellent example of Sardou's skill in building up a scene. Abbé Griffard, at the suggestion of the police, goes to Mme. Voisin's luxuriously furnished home, in the hope of discovering who is in the plot to poison the King:

MARGUERITE (*running up to prevent his entering*): My mother does not receive any more to-day, sir.

GRIFFARD (*coming down and chucking her under the chin*): A sweet child! Oh, your mother will receive me, dear.

MARGUERITE (*same business*): No, sir. Really—

GRIFFARD (*in a whisper*): I have come about an inheritance.

MARGUERITE: For you?

GRIFFARD: For her—

MARGUERITE: An inheritance! Oh, that's different!

(*She runs toward her mother who enters and whispers to her.*)

GRIFFARD (*looking around him*): This sorceress's cave has no smell of boiling cauldrons. There is not even a stuffed owl.

MME. VOISIN (*coming down with her daughter*): An inheritance?

MARGUERITE: Yes.

MME. VOISIN (*seeing Griffard*): An Abbé? Oh, I understand! Someone has left me a legacy. Everyone is gone. Draw the curtains.

(*Marguerite draws the curtains and exits. Through the window is seen the empty garden and the landscape lit up by the setting sun*): Sit down, Abbé, I beg. Tell me quickly what I've had left me.

GRIFFARD (*smiling*): My dear madame, you know as well as I.

MME. VOISIN: How can I know?

GRIFFARD: Surely you are joking! You—a fortune teller? A soothsayer, able to read the past and the future in the crystal globe, in the lines of one's hand—

MME. VOISIN: Yes—but—

GRIFFARD (*holding out his hand*): Come. Read quickly who I am, where I come from, and on what business.

MME. VOISIN: Impossible! Directly I am interested I lose all power.

GRIFFARD (*laughing*): You humbug!

MME. VOISIN (*startled*): What do you mean, sir?

GRIFFARD (*pinching her ear*): You're a humbug! But plump and appetizing. Carloni told me you were—

MME. VOISIN: Carloni?

GRIFFARD: The inheritance is from him.

MME. VOISIN: He's dead?

GRIFFARD: In my arms.

MME. VOISIN: In prison?

GRIFFARD: No, in the open country. We escaped together.

MME. VOISIN: So you were—?

GRIFFARD: Fellow prisoners.

MME. VOISIN: Well, tell me. What do I inherit?

GRIFFARD: The contents of the strong box.

MME. VOISIN (*pretending not to understand*): The strong box?

GRIFFARD: In the garden, yonder, behind the bench.

MME. VOISIN: Oh, so you know?

GRIFFARD: Of course, I share the inheritance with you.

MME. VOISIN: Isn't it all mine?

GRIFFARD: Don't be greedy.

MME. VOISIN (*distrustful*): Hum! What you say is all very well, but first tell me what's in this strong box. I don't know it—

GRIFFARD: I'll refresh your memory. Two thousand ducats in fine gold.

MME. VOISIN: What proves to me that you have a share.

GRIFFARD: Half—let us be exact! If he had left you all, my dear, he wouldn't have said anything to me.

MME. VOISIN: Hum! Didn't he sign any paper?

GRIFFARD: What—in the fields? Do you want me also to remind you where the money came from?

MME. VOISIN: My faith, it is so long ago.

GRIFFARD (*whispers in her ear*): It was his share for the poisoning of the Duc de Savoie.

MME. VOISIN (*startled*): He told you that?

GRIFFARD: Carloni kept nothing from me.

MME. VOISIN (*recovering her self-possession*): He might have left me the larger share.

GRIFFARD: Come, don't let us quarrel over that. (*Points all around the room.*) Business is good, I see.

MME. VOISIN: So—so—I can't complain.

GRIFFARD: What luxury! I hear you've lackeys, carriages, and live like a princess.

MME. VOISIN: One has to, but it's hard work. Just think, every blessed afternoon I'm here for consultation from three to seven, and sometimes in the morning, to say nothing of séances at private residences.

GRIFFARD: Telling people's fortunes, eh?

MME. VOISIN: I tell the past, the future, everything. When I was nine years old I stood on the streets telling fortunes with cards.

GRIFFARD: And now you're a full-fledged sorceress?

MME. VOISIN: I read destinies in the stars. I sell talismans, love po-



Byron

BRUCE McRAE

As John Rosmer in "Rosmersholm"

tions, feminine toilet preparations. I have also remedies for the sick.
 GRIFFARD: To cure them?
 MME. VOISIN: Yes.
 GRIFFARD: Or to make them worse?
 MME. VOISIN (*gayly*): Sometimes. One must do what one's customers want—the women customers especially.
 GRIFFARD: Who are your customers—bourgeois, shopkeepers, and so forth?

MME. VOISIN: Oh, I have all kinds—fashionable society women, court ladies, some of the most haughty—duchesses, marquises—
 GRIFFARD: Who, for instance?
 MME. VOISIN: Oh, I never give names. It's not professional. But if you saw them as I do. Oh, la! la! and if you heard what they ask for!
 GRIFFARD: What?
 MME. VOISIN: Oh, to inherit as soon as possible from papa and
 (*Continued on page vii.*)



Hallen

Mme. Nazimova

Brandon Tynan

Fernand (Brandon Tynan): "She's asleep."

Florence Fisher

SCENE IN "THE COMET," PLAY BY OWEN JOHNSON, RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

"Donkeyism" and Some Dramatic Critics

A NEW YORK newspaper recently has announced that the generous space heretofore given in its columns to the amusing reviews of dramatic performances by a writer whose reputation rests on his ability as a satirist rather than on the soundness of his judgment or the expert value of his criticisms, will be used hereafter only for serious reviews of plays. The reasons given for this course are as follows:

"The critic of books or plays is often a conceited donkey. He does not strive to build up by tearing down, but uses his every effort to show the public what a brilliant satirist he is. If he succeeds in writing something that he considers bright, he cares not whether he has brought tears to the eyes of a hard-working woman, whose only offense is that she is doing the best she can. Actors and actresses are, as men and women, entitled to as much consideration as other men and women, and as working people they should be treated as kindly as others."

Colonel Watterson, the brilliant editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, commenting editorially on the above says:

"Unquestionably conceited donkeyism is prevalent among critics, especially young critics, and brutality to the workmen and workwomen on the stage is common. Given a pen and a pad and the freedom of a column, the youthful critic feels that he is a superior being, an arbiter elegantiarum, whose function is to lay down the law to the players who strut upon the boards for his benefit and strive to win his favor. If he is not in reality a superior being he is quite likely to cut as many capers before high

heaven as any other man dressed in a little brief authority. The tyro is quick to condemn, to show the height of his standards of merit and slow to commend because he fears that he may show enthusiasm over mediocrity and betray his lack of wisdom. As he gains experience he is likely to become less uncompromising in his attitude toward that which does not meet his requirements and more ready to give unstinted praise to brilliant achievement and kindly encouragement to honest endeavor. It is to the older critic, if he has outgrown the egotism of youth without falling victim to the intolerance of age, that we may look for sanity and balance.

"Unfortunately, as art is long and life is short, there are too many dramatic writers and too few capable critics. Too often the young man who uses the pen as a pick subjectively, and objectively as a bludgeon, has recently 'broken into journalism' from the outer darkness of the Lord knows where; knowing little of the history of the drama between Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Marcus Ordeyne, and knowing nothing at all of actors or acting. An English actor who described American critics as a corps of violent ignoramuses did a gross injustice to a few well equipped men by his generalization, but aptly described a large number of less worthy arbiters of the fate of plays and players. Judgment is the result of experience, tempered by wisdom. The rapid promotion of American newspaper men from reportorial to editorial ranks and the tendency of young newspaper men to look for graduation into more lucrative employment, results in criticism being given over to a large extent to men who are too young in years and in work to pass temperately and intelligently upon the work of actors and authors. When the critic is a master of his craft it is possible for him to build up by tearing down, but if he lacks equipment and has the courage of his ignorance he is of no service either to art or to the public."

AT THE OPERA



Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



G. CHARPENTIER
Composer of "Louise"

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ought to be a happy and a proud man; and the New York opera-going public ought to be a grateful one—and both for the same reason, namely "Louise."

"Louise" and its fame have been dinged in and at our ears for years. Charpentier's opera, or musical romance, is about seven years old, but its success at the Opéra Comique was of such proportions that the French nation refused to take it and its meaning anything but very seriously. By dint of enthusiasm—such as only the French can bring to bear on anything they love or hate—the work soon became the talk of all musical Paris and of the musical reading public of the world. It did not take long for it to attain further European successes, but this country—usually so keen for novelties—was not given a chance to hear it until Oscar Hammerstein was brave enough in his ideals and beliefs to produce it at the Manhattan Opera House on January 3d of the current year. Let it be immediately and frankly admitted that, at its première here, "Louise" proved a success with its audience.

And why should it not have been? "Louise" is typically Parisian—and the audience which greeted it at its New York première was typically cosmopolitan! Whether future audiences will rise to applaud this work and to proclaim it a favorite—that is a question which concerns the impresario and the public. We have, for the moment to deal with the work alone; and no one, with eyes to see, ears to hear and brain to think, will deny that "Louise" is a fascinatingly interesting stage work. It has the outward virtue of a simple story, simply stated—that is the sop to the great public, which goes to be amused and to be made to laugh or to cry. It has, beneath all this, a deeper theme, that of the influence and power of a great city—not voiced in the conventional "moral" sense, but dex-

terously handled in that Paris is made to appear as something human in its monstrous greed and its fascinations. It appears as a background that represents a beautiful hideous something clamoring for victims, insatiable, holding forth its allurements and reaping its harvest of human wreckage. More aptly than "Louise," Charpentier's work could be called "Paris"—for its theme is Paris; and its tragedy is outwardly not that of Louise but of the unhappy father of this girl, whose little brain is set reeling with the songs of the happy children of Bohemia, who have pitched their tents on Montmartre, until she herself dizzily whirls into the inevitable abyss—which the spectator is made to feel yawn through the glamor and charm of it all.

Musically Charpentier's work is unique. He has his own musical idiom, and he has not courted the wholesale polyphony of other moderns, but has contented himself with abundant use of melody. He commands a lyric vein that has its admirable depths, but he knows also how to trick the ear by brief bits of melody that stimulate imagination and interest by their curtness rather than they satisfy the hearing to a point where they might be considered commonplace. It is refreshing, novel and always interesting.

The features about the work, most freely discussed, have been the cries of Paris, which the composer has introduced into his score. In the opening of the second act Paris is represented as awakening, and the view presented is that one from the heights of Montmartre. The city in the perspective comes to life with the rising of the sun, and the stage swarms with crossing sweepers, gendarmes, rag pickers, gamins and what not, while from the distance come the calls of the Paris vendors crying their missions and their wares. These calls are what particularly touched the Parisian, for he knows them all—and these, too, are the especial features which caused a doubt to arise whether or not New York would appreciate this music. Whether it does or not in detail is, after all, a small matter, for they form a tonal



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ELEANOR DE CISNEROS IN "THE TALES
OF HOFFMAN"



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SIGNOR BONCI IN "LA BOHEME"

background, just as the composer intended them; and to native American ears the fact that they are not understood helps to breed the sense of mystery and of foreign "atmosphere." The sum of it all is that "Louise" is a most interesting work, and if New York does not flock to hear it then New York has no right to its claim for artistic interest.

Of the Manhattan Opera House performance of "Louise" it can be frankly said that it is admirable. It presented Mary Garden in a rôle old to her—for in it she made her Paris début—but new to New Yorkers, and she proved herself an excellent actress, one who seemed actually to enter into the spirit of the work. She had been sick with grippe and was not yet entirely beyond its thrall, so that her singing was at times a doubtful quantity; but she carried with her acting the conviction necessary to make the pathos of this character carry across the footlights.

But even above Mary Garden's work was the artistic Mr. Gilibert's interpretation of the father of Louise. He was wonderfully bourgeois in pose and gesture, a workingman who loved his home and his small family—principally the pretty daughter. And he made the sentimental appeal, which falls to the lot of this character, stand out artistically in the first act, while in the final one his rage was superb.

Dalmores, as Julien, was also excellent. He made love with impetuosity and with little conscience, and he swaggered boldly. His singing was very satisfying, save that he was at times louder than was necessary. As Louise's Mother, Bressler-Gianoli added to the artistic readings which already stand to her credit here. She was tremendously simple and plain spoken in manner and her objections were shrewishly voiced.

There were almost numberless smaller rôles, which were filled by the various singers in this large company, and most of these were filled and sung with scrupulous care. In the ensemble scenes, such as the dressmaker's workroom, these artists worked with a fine feeling for the general effectiveness of the whole. The fête on Montmartre was realistically impressive.

Mr. Campanini conducted the work with all the enthusiastic conscientiousness that has marked his work at the Manhattan Opera House, and he made the music sound highly interesting. The few rough edges that came to hearing will doubtless be smoothed off when the work settles down into the groove of repertoire. And in conclusion let there be repeated what was said at



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SIGNOR BASSI IN "PAGLIACCI"

the beginning: Oscar Hammerstein ought to be a happy and a proud man; and the New York opera public ought to be a grateful one.

Jove has not been nodding at the Metropolitan Opera House, either, for the new year was ushered in with a memorable performance of Wagner's masterpiece, "Tristan und Isolde." The date was the first of January, and the event was the début in America of Gustav Mahler, the famous conductor of the Vienna Imperial Opera House. In addition it was the first time in her career that Fremstad sang the rôle of Isolde.

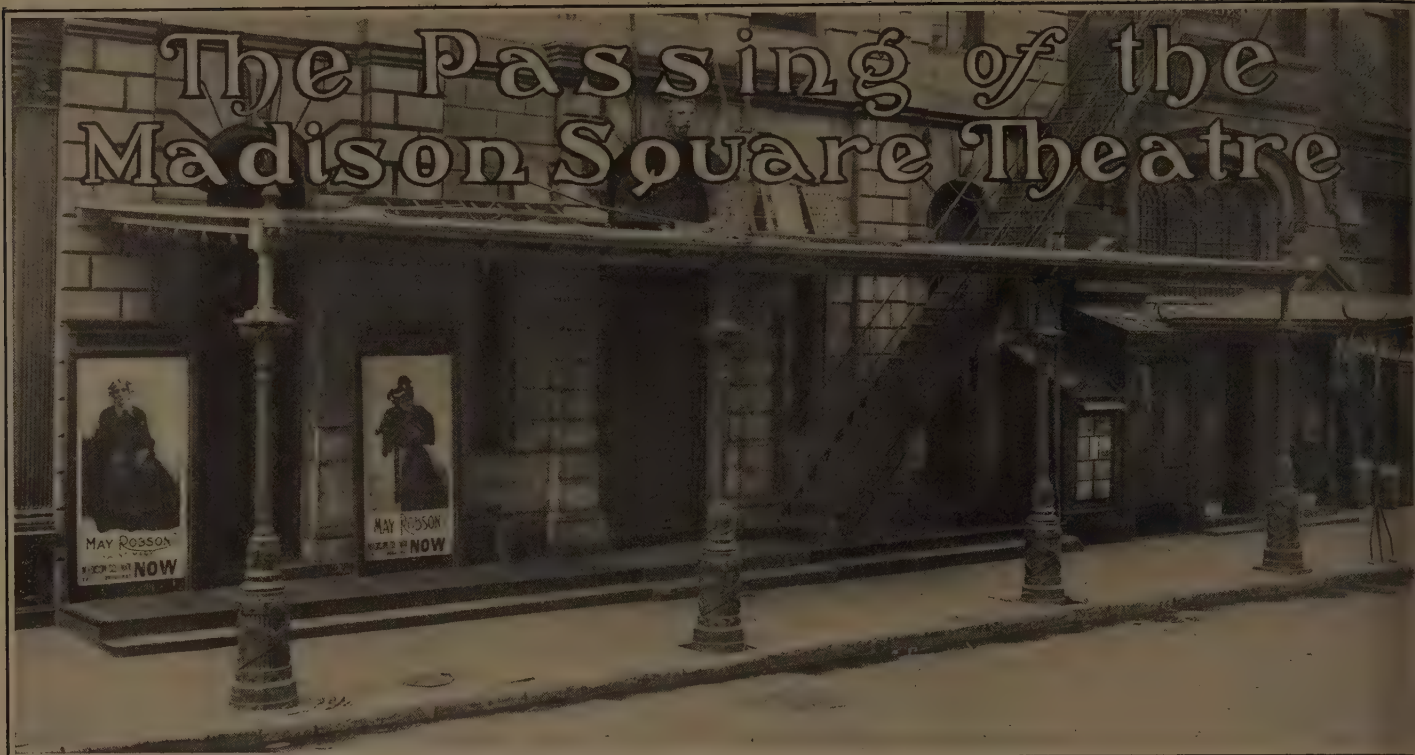
It does not require columns of space to tell who Gustav Mahler is, nor what his European fame consists of. He has been the Czar of the Vienna opera, where his artistic word was law, where his slightest wish was a command; and under his baton and his direction the productions at this opera house have become famous for their artistic excellence and for their marvelous accuracy of detail. For the present his position at the Metropolitan Opera House is but that of conductor, although there were in this, his first performance, many traces of the fact that a master hand had been at work shaping and reshaping the details that go to make an artistic production.

If the younger generation of opera lovers have ever heard a better performance of "Tristan und Isolde," then this has not been in New York. It was sheerly a superb reading of the huge work. Mahler had had but few rehearsals with the or-

chestra, and he had also dared to change the seating arrangement of these men, but when it came to the night of the performance the orchestra played like an inspired body of musicians. Without great obvious efforts the conductor held them in hand and he subdued them with artistic refinement until their accompaniments were exquisite in their sympathy. At moments of climax this leader proved that he could voice the elemental passions as well as the gentler sentiments, and he reared towers of emotional heights that were awesome. It was all so wonderfully worked out, so finely conceived and with such a big draught sweeping through it that any doubt about Mahler's greatness was brushed aside as flimsy cobwebs. There are those who believe that Anton Seidl was as great a conductor of "Tristan und Isolde" as is this marvelous man—but then, after all, Seidl is dead, and in no other art does perspective play such shabby tricks as in music. Seidl was a master for big moments, but did he honestly pay the re-

(Continued on page vi.)

The Passing of the Madison Square Theatre



Byron, N. Y.

EXTERIOR OF THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE ON WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET



STEELE MACKAYE
Manager

THAT melancholy "last" generation, who never recognize themselves to be such, will hear with gentle regret of the passing of a little playhouse from a site it has occupied in New York City for over three decades; their successors, accustomed to bigger, brighter theatres and a broader if not better dramatic fare than the Madison Square Theatre afforded, read of its coming destruction as an unimportant item of the day's news. With the cruelty of youth in passing judgment they long ago pronounced its methods obsolete, its entertainment old-fashioned, and expressed surprise that in a city so progressive as their own this playhouse had so long "lagged superfluous."



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DAVID BELASCO
Stage Manager

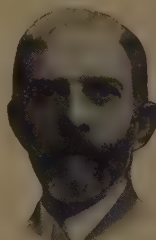
It may be that this verdict of the younger generation shall abide. The youth of Paris frequently confess to boredom in the Théâtre Français, but that historic house, grafted as it is on the instincts of a race, has withstood a hundred brilliant rivals and may well be immortal. To write the name of the dying Madison Square in the same paragraph with Richelieu's foundation may seem absurd, but the opportunity to make of the former a truly American theatre once did exist. Its first managers had vague longings toward that noble purpose, their successors kept it in mind; that the house passes away with that purpose unaccomplished is a fact that those who

believe we are ready for a national theatre, and those who believe we are not, may use with equal advantage. We are not concerned with their argument here, only in the story of the Madison Square with an account of its aims, how far they succeeded and where they failed.

No purpose so serious as the founding of a theatre on which to represent the national manners presided at the birth of



Copyright Rockwood
A. M. PALMER
Manager



EUGENE PRESBREY
Stage Manager



AGNES BOOTH

this place of entertainment, and no more sibylline leaves than the ledger's were consulted. A building for an "evening stock exchange" had occupied the site with meager financial results for three years when George Christy in 1865 proposed to the owners for the lease, and being able to prove to them by his books that minstrelsy was a paying "proposition," he obtained possession of the house and opened it as a music hall in November of that year. Two years later it became a burlesque house under the name of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, and in 1868, having been rebuilt by James Fisk, Jr., and opened by John Brougham as Brougham's Theatre, it started on what might have proved a prosperous season had not Brougham

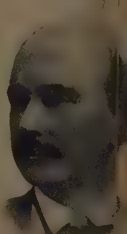
and Fisk soon quarreled, and Fisk took the house over, renamed it the Fifth Avenue, and managed it himself for opera bouffe with Tostée and Irma.

These harum-scarum days having passed, the house entered upon a serious program with Augustin Daly in control. From 1869 to 1873 the Robertson drama delighted a generation which, to say no more, showed no stomach for strong theatrical meat. Occasionally, indeed, Mr. Daly gave it to them as an experiment with E. L. Davenport (whose daughter Fannie later appeared at this house for the first time as Lady Gay) in Shakespeare, Mrs. Scott Siddons in her tragic repertoire and Clara Morris, when that actress out of the West had demonstrated, almost by accident, her possession of emotional powers. Mr. Daly was taking his first steps as a manager, and the course of this theatre under him was not brilliantly progressive.

Still more doubtful was its future after Mr. Daly had gone and Steele MacKaye, a man of many capabilities, took control. It



DANIEL FROHMAN
Manager



DION BOUCICAULT
Stage Manager



Copyright Morrison
MARIE BURRO

Copyright Falk
EFFIE ELLSLER



MAUDE HARRISON, A POPULAR LEADING WOMAN
AT THE MADISON SQUARE

languished indeed until fire, that unacknowledged blessing which permits men and things to begin again, destroyed the house, and the Brothers Mallory and MacKaye rebuilt it and reopened it in February, 1880, and from that date may be said to begin its fruitful history.

In some respects the architect had improved on the existing theatre, while in others the obstinacy of *res angustiae* had forced him backward. A cramped and unimportant foyer, tortuous stairs and a gallery so steep and inconvenient that it has seldom drawn the "gods," were its defects, while a double stage, a concealed orchestra (both to be quickly discarded) and dressing rooms on the main floor were novel

termed it, which it was their avowed intention to cut from the stage. They sought plays in which the *grande passion*, if it existed at all, had simmered down to tea-kettle purring, but no other manuscript so promising had turned up, and "Hazel Kirke" with Effie Ellsler, Gabriel Du Sould, Charles Couldock and Eben Plympton, was put in rehearsal.

The success of this play, although condemned by theatrical critics and at first adjudged a failure, is dwelt on here, for the reason that it confirmed the producers in the belief that they could feel with accuracy the pulse of the people. "Hazel Kirke" made the first of the long runs now so common, but then a rarity; and it



DE WOLF HOPPER AS THE SAILOR LAD IN
"MAY BLOSSOM"

made the first (and almost the last) financial success the Madison Square Theatre ever had. With this example to encourage them the brothers Mallory formulated their policy. In brief their aim was to present plays of everyday life, provincial and metropolitan, in a simple and natural manner, and so innocently written that it would not be necessary to look at the bill of the Madison Square before taking the "young person" there. They sought plays "in which the sexual element was held in the background, plays that should crown goodness, defeat intolerance, wickedness and oppression and send evil to the pit."

It was a noble aim, but unfortunately a formula that eliminates emotion is one better adapted to creating a pleasant school of short story writers than dramatists, and the new managers soon found that they had no plays to present. Al-

though the personal control of the Messrs. Mallory over this theatre proved to be brief the influence of

their "formula" long pervaded it, culminating, perhaps, in "Esmeralda," a piece that reminded Henry James of the babbling of children.

Consequent upon a disagreement with Steele MacKaye, these managers produced William Gillette's "The Professor," and immediately thereafter associated with them in the management two young men who

features. It should be noticed at the outset that the seating capacity of the house numbered a bare 900, and to enter upon a commercial speculation with it at once invited hesitation. The epoch, however, was favorable, and the new lessees straightway proved their skill in the art of providing what the public wanted.

The great company of actors called after the Union Square Theatre, where the Mallorys had served their novitiate, headed by Sarah Jewett and Charles Thorne, had sad inroads made in it by death and defection. The plays there presented, mostly cleaned from the French till only a scented sentimentality remained that had begun to weary the audiences, were being replaced by crude melodrama, and the Mallorys decided that the house, already too far down town, had outlived its patrons. These or their children thronged Daly's Theatre or Wallack's, where polite entertainment was fairly certain to be found, and the lessees courageously set plans to divert these patrons to their own playhouse. In order to offer novelty they prepared to present plays dealing with

homely life, and they had not far to look for one of this ilk. At their elbow stood Steele MacKaye with the manuscript of "Hazel Kirke." The managers did not share the proud confidence of MacKaye, and besides, there was in the piece the very blemish, as they



Falk
MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE MIDNIGHT BELL"
(her New York debut)

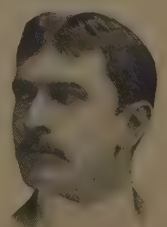


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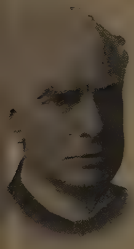
The first flashlight photograph of a play ever taken in America was made at the Madison Square Theatre in 1883 (see page 44)



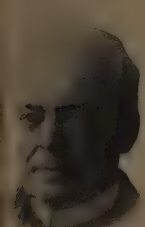
ANNIE RUSSELL



Falk
MAURICE BARRYMORE



J. H. STODDART



W. J. LEMOYNE

have since acquired wide fame in the theatre. They were Daniel Frohman and David Belasco, who went to the Madison Square as manager and stage manager, respectively. These young men produced a play the very name of which ("May Blossom") indicated that its author and producer had taken color from the successful pieces already in the archives of the Madison Square. The new drama proved, indeed, to be a sort of maritime "Hazel Kirke," and while it did not duplicate that prodigious triumph, the old spell still worked.

In "May Blossom" appeared prominently under the management of Mr. Frohman, Georgia Cayvan, whose triumphs were all to win in that association, and in this play also De Wolf Hopper made his first metropolitan appearance. He was a "sailor boy," and Bijou Fernandez acted as one of the children.

Ere long Mr. Frohman was to transfer his great ability and his leading lady to the Lyceum in Fourth Avenue, but before going he produced "The Russian Honeymoon," a play which gave opportunity to Agnes Booth, Frederic Bryton and W. J. Lemoyne. It is mentioned here for the reason that it served as the model for the first pictures of a play in action ever taken by photography. Flash-lights were made of this play at midnight of May 1, 1883, by Falk, and Mr. Frohman and his secretary, Mr. Wesley Sisson, became "supers" for the occasion in order to get in the picture.

At the beginning of the following season Mr. Albert M. Palmer took over the Madison Square, at first as the associate of the Messrs. Mallory, but six months later as exclusive manager, and the fortunes of the tiny theatre brightened with the mere announcement. Mr.

Palmer was a librarian of the Mechanics' Library when he made his first theatrical connection, but once having embarked on this stormy sea, he developed good sailing quality. He had been in control of the Union Square Theatre during its heyday, and in both the practical and the theoretical sides of the business he was well grounded. He took firm control of his new playhouse, but did not disturb the existing order. Without faith in the Mallory formula, and aware from his own experience that his public would not long tolerate insipidity and banality in the theatre, he also knew that a revolutionary departure from the widely accepted traditions of the house invited disaster. Accordingly he temporized, turning over the dusty scripts collected by his predecessors and employing a Frenchman, brought over from the Union Square, to hack for him the current Paris plays. Out of this material he hoped to glean what should tide his theatre over a lean time. Meanwhile he displayed rare judgment in selecting actors and trusted to chance for a play to cast them in. As it turned out chance served him well.

William Young, who had written "Pendragon" for Lawrence

Barrett, brought him the MS. of a farce and, after long balancing its chances of success and failure, Mr. Palmer accepted it. "The Rajah" leaned to the traditions of the house; it was amusing and innocent, lacking, indeed, in the artificial sentiment which characterized many of the successes of this theatre, but so brightly colored as to promise to tickle jaded appetites. Before it had been

running long audiences had introduced to them in the character of the ingenuous heroine a young actress calling herself Marie Burroughs, who made by her beauty, even more than by her undoubted talent and childlike ignorance of failure, almost a sensation.

"The Rajah" had been on the boards for three weeks when this young woman, lately arrived from San Francisco, sent in her name—Miss Lillie Arrington—to Mr. Palmer. Whoever has climbed the narrow stairs and bearded the manager in his office can easily call up the picture. Mr. Palmer was dignified with almost a clerical austerity, but he was a man, and this beautiful young girl with her complexion of dazzling ivory, faintly washed with rose color, her great blue eyes, and lovely low brow crowned with braids of chestnut hair, could not be refused.

"Certainly, my dear child," he said, "I will make you a place in my company, if you prove to me that you can act. Have you seen 'The Rajah'?"

"Yes, sir," answered the aspirant, "I saw it last night."

"And what part in it would you like to play?"

"There is only one part I could play—the heroine; I know I could act that."

Improbable as a fairy tale, it may be, yet the youthful Miss Arrington, who had her stage name still to choose, began rehearsing the same day, and on

the following Monday made her debut in the rôle she had selected as the one she could surely act.

This farce was followed by "The Private Secretary," "In Chancery" and "For Congress" with John T. Raymond, but none of these plays "made" money for the theatre. Mr. Palmer had a policy generous to improvidence of keeping actors by him whom he saw no immediate way of employing to advantage. With high-salaried actors like John Owen, J. H. Stoddard, Maurice Barrymore, Richard Mansfield, Agnes Booth, Maude Harrison, Annie Russell, Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Phillips and others on his list, the difficulty of finding an adequate piece for their abilities became supreme. The dream of finding the "great American play" returned more and more insistently, but alas! it remained a dream, and meanwhile to discard the "piffling" drama, so long associated with this house, and which, having been nursed there, never failed to draw "big money" on the road, would seem the act of a madman. Chance served again to provide a stop-gap, and the new season opened with "Saints and Sinners," a drama by Henry Arthur Jones, that ran a hundred nights.



ETHEL JACKSON IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"



Copyright Mishkin

MISS MARY GARDEN AS MANON AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

This is not a catalogue of plays produced at the Madison Square Theatre, many of them indifferent, all of them dead—hence *nihil nisi bonum*—but the difficulty of providing a new piece every few months soon silvered the manager's hair, and sent him far afield in quest of likely material. Long ago the notion of encouraging American dramatists by presenting their plays of the national manners had faded into nebula, for these did not get themselves written, and only a distant memory of the Mallory formula was preserved. For the most part the plays were clean, not morbid and the moral inculcated, when there was one, proved to be safely platitudinous.

Though he still flew the American flag, six years were to elapse before Mr. Palmer ventured to produce Augustus Thomas' "Alabama." That manuscript was left to gather dust, while he put on pieces like "The Martyr," "Heart of Hearts," "Partners," "Bootle's Baby," "Aunt Jack," "The Blue Officer," and "The Pharisee," not one of them touching even remotely on the strong life surging round him, and some of them touched on nothing like life anywhere. In his somber appreciation of these shortcomings, one day Mr. Palmer confessed to Maurice Barrymore that he did not know where to turn for a play.

"Produce 'Alabama,'" said that actor, who had read the script.

The manager took this advice and "Alabama" proved to be an American play, and not solely an American title. With an English girl and an English actor in the principal rôles, it made an undoubted hit.

But this was toward the close of Mr. Palmer's management. Much worry and vexation of spirit had to come to him before it. The stage of his theatre was growing old-fashioned; new theatres were opening and younger, daring managers had invaded the field. A change of policy was inevitable. The age was no longer favorable to "pretty" comedy; it had seen Bernhardt in her emotional flights, and it wanted plays of excitement and passion. The manager of the Madison Square, himself of a calm and equable temperament, could and did feel the quicksilver pulse of this new epoch and prepared to meet the demand. It was impossible without offense to a large part of his clientèle to perform in his theatre, in their bold realism, the new French pieces of which he held translations, and it was equally impossible to clean and senti-

mentalize them according to the used-up Union Square method. Therefore he sought polite melodrama and found it. "Jim the Penman" is an example of the fare he set out to the public in 1886. The public swallowed it ravenously, and, congratulating himself on his acumen, Mr. Palmer began looking about for some more of the same kind, when the weakness of his literary side forced him into a digression. In the spring of 1887 he staged "Elaine."

This was a dramatized version of that sweetest Idyll of the Kings made by George Parsons Lathrop, son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and himself the author of several novels. With Annie Russell as the Lily Maid, Alexander Salvini, *figlio*, as Launcelot, and Marie Burroughs as Guinevere, and with a wonderful reproduction of Toby Rosenthal's painting of "The Dead Steered by the Dumb," Mr. Palmer with this production touched the high tide of his career. There are many middle-aged men and women who regard it as their dearest dramatic memory.

Albert M. Palmer combined many of the traits necessary to the successful theatrical manager. He possessed a degree of literary taste and much theatrical knowledge. He was willing to spend money for a moderate return, and while he preferred to stage popular plays, he did not commercialize the theatre to the killing of taste and art. If he could have counted among his coadjutors a score of authors as able as Bronson Howard and Augustus Thomas, there is little doubt that to call the Madison Square in his time a true American theatre would have been no misnomer. He had the faults of his virtues, he did not relish advice and he preferred his own way; his nature seemed unsympathetic, and the actors and others for whom he did many unselfish services did not like him. But no just estimate can take him from a very high place in the history of the theatre in New York. He was the founder of the present school of acting; for he gave his theatre freely to Dion Boucicault, when that famous actor in the last days of his life desired to try an experiment with untried talent. He freely lent his stage and, often, his actors to aspiring authors who had proved to him that their plays had, at least, sufficient merit to warrant an author's *matinée*.

When the great success of "Trilby," produced by Mr. Palmer at another house, had seduced the manager away from the Madison

(Continued on page viii.)



Edward R. Mawson

Josephine Victor

Vincent Serrano

Act I. Joy recognizes the Duke of Cluny

SCENE IN CHANNING POLLACK'S PLAY "THE SECRET ORCHARD" LATELY SEEN AT THE ASTOR THEATRE



THREE CHARACTERISTIC POSES OF MISS FRANCES STARR IN "THE GIRL OF THE RANCHO"

A Drive with America's Youngest Dramatic Star

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 58)



AS A BABY

IT was an interview a-wing, or rather one a-wheel. The crispness and goldenness of the winter afternoon were alluring. Miss Frances Starr snuggled girlishly into a corner of the big, roomy seat in the victoria, fastened more securely her green veil—she will be young enough to wear green veils for a long time—and laughed. There was nothing especially humorous in the situation. The

laughter was that of a happy, healthy child, the laughter of a childish enjoyment of the moment.

"It will be so much nicer than sitting at the window in my room, and looking at all this through a stuffy pane of glass," she said, then with a whimsical side glance, "though we might have sat there and played steamship, as sister and I do."

"Sister" is Mrs. Gladwell, a handsome young woman who has a twin-like resemblance to Irene Bentley, and who is chaperon, nurse, confessor, sartorial adviser, and general indispensable aide of the girl who came so suddenly and surprisingly into her dramatic own with the production of "The Rose of the Rancho." She goes to the theatre with her sister, sits through the play—she has seen "The Rose of the Rancho" as often as it has been played—comes home with her, drives with her, lives in their sunny apartment above the city roofs with her, walks with her, in short is a very young and very handsome duenna, but a duenna nevertheless.

"We always have dinner at half-past five, there at the north window looking out toward the Hudson, and we play we are crossing the ocean, and we get dreadfully seasick. Sometimes there's a storm and our ship lurches about dreadfully."

Frances Starr laughs again, a laugh even lighter, more joyous and youthful than Juanita's in "The Rose of the Rancho." There was so much of enthusiasm in that girlish, bubbling

laughter that I asked her to tell me about her many enthusiasms.

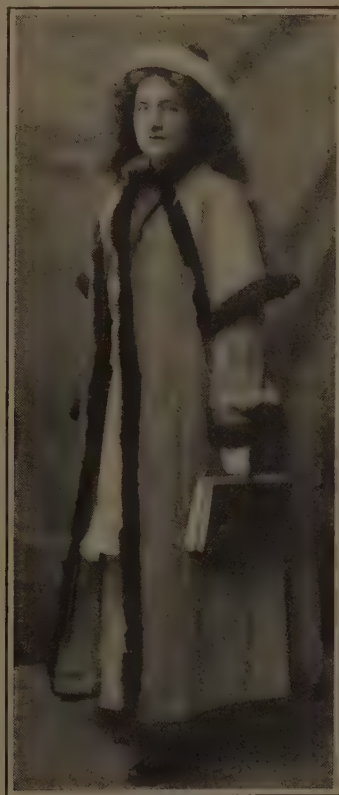
"Taximeters," she responded. "Aren't they the greatest of modern improvements? Wouldn't Thomas Jefferson have been delighted to know that some time there would be a device to keep cabbies from robbing us? Oh! I think they're wonderful!"

"And next to taximeters, children! There are several of them about the hotel—oh, yes, it is a kind-hearted hotel and tolerates them—and they are so prettily dressed and have such quaint manners and look like darling little dolls."

"Enthusiasms? Yes, I think I am enthusiastic about everything that is worth enthusiasm."

An electric cab dashed past and a pair of brown eyes smiled back under the coquettish tilt of a wine-red, broad-brimmed hat. The hat and the eyes belonged to Anna Held, and we noticed that she has the pleasant habit of smiling with the eyes, without the little ripples about the corners that are the forerunners of wrinkles.

A year ago, in her dressing room in the Belasco Theatre, Frances Starr had talked of her amazed delight at the reception New York had given to this young unknown. Mov-



FRANCES STARR
As Dot in "The Midnight Bell"

ing through the swift kaleidoscope of Central Park on a Sunday afternoon a year later she was asked what the year that had passed since then had done for her.

The Misses Belasco, David Belasco's handsome daughters, flung past in the kaleidoscope. The smiles and hand-waved salutes that were exchanged bespoke the comradeship of the three. Then Frances Starr's smile was lost in a sweet gravity.

"I have gained knowledge of life and of people," she said; "I think the greatest lesson I have learned is a comprehension of the

prehension to seeing a play, to seeing Julia Marlowe play Juliet. She was a beautiful Juliet. They tell me she has played it a great many times. The rôle seems to have become a part of her. She didn't declaim the lines—she talked them. It was her Juliet that made me understand 'depth'—the meaning of the phrase that had been mere meaningless words—'depth of feeling.'

"And I have studied people a great deal," she continued musingly.

"How do you study them?"



Byron, N. Y.

Cecil de Mille

Emma Dunn

Frank Keenan

C. D. Waldron

Raymond Bond

Act. II. General Warren, having found the false despatch, falls into the trap

SCENE IN W. C. DE MILLE'S DRAMA "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

word 'depth.' I have heard persons talk of a deep feeling and of a depth of emotion, but the word signified little to me. But I think that this year I have learned what it means. For instance, in the last act of the play, when I go out on the roof to talk with Mr. Kearney, the fact that a night of awful waiting and watching had passed meant nothing especial to me. A night had passed—it was morning. That was all I thought about it when I began playing Junita. I hadn't thought of whether she slept or not. Now I know that she lay awake all night, agonizing at the thought of death and separation, and that when dawn came she crept, a broken, sorrowful little creature, up to the roof for a good-by to her lover. I know how she felt as she climbed the stairs, how weak, and hopeless and heartbroken.

"No!" She returned an inquiring side glance with honest eyes, "I haven't fallen in love in the meantime. I think I owe that com-

"As Mr. Belasco does, by talking with them. I persuade them to talk to me, and while they are talking I watch them and think about them and try to understand them. I think—at least I hope—I understand them. I have advanced far enough to know that it is the most fascinating branch of study in the world.

"Another way in which I study people is by reading the newspapers. I read stories that interest me and tear them out of the newspapers and pin them about my dressing table, on the cushions, on the walls, everywhere. I believe these newspaper cuttings are regarded as a nuisance by everybody but myself. I have been thinking all week of a girl I read about in a newspaper. The girl was a chambermaid at a hotel. She had stolen a stick pin. She confessed that she had stolen it. 'Why did you take it?' said the judge. 'Because there was so many of them around, I didn't think one would matter.' The man who had lost the pin wanted the



Photo by Joseph Byron, N. Y.

MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER AS AGATHA IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"

girl punished. The judge wanted to discharge her. 'Haven't you ever done anything wrong yourself?' asked the judge. 'Never!' said the man. 'Then you are a very remarkable man. The prisoner is discharged.'

"You are a very remarkable man," Frances Starr repeated the judge's words with a little laugh, low in her throat, of appreciation of his irony.

"And I took it because there were so many around, I didn't think one would matter." She repeated the girl's feeble plea, smiling in pity of her. It was the motive that interested her. She is of the guild of experimental psychologists.

It happened that the interviewer knew the judge who had discharged the girl, knew that he had been so gentle in his judgment of first offenders as to bring obloquy upon himself, and had heard him tell of his fancy that his dead mother sat on the bench beside him, and when he hesitated before sentencing an unfortunate young person, he fancied he felt her hand upon his arm, her pleading voice in his ear: "My son, be gentle in your judgment of a boy's first sin."

Miss Starr's eyes widened as a child's widen at hearing a story that interests it.

"You know that judge!" she exclaimed. "Why do you interview actors and actresses when you know real people like that?"

Miss Truly Shattuck spun past in a runabout, the dull stripes of her smoke-colored gown and the wide brim of her black hat a grateful spot in the vividness of the kaleidoscope.

"And you have learned how to handle people from Mr. Belasco?"

"I think I have. He manages people by love—makes an atmosphere of peace and kindness."

"Suppose you had to deal with, say, an obstreperous wardrobe woman, what would you do?"

"I cannot imagine such a thing. I don't believe she would be there. As I said—Mr. Belasco wants an atmosphere of peace. We have the most delightful wardrobe woman. She calls me the 'Child.' From my dressing room I can hear her say 'Don't bother me, I must mend the Child's dress,' or 'Don't touch those slippers, they belong to the Child.' She will never be obstreperous, but if there were such a woman about I should try to make her like me. When people like you they won't be disagreeable."

Discussing persons, we spoke of the quality of magnetism. "What is it?" I said. Miss Starr, who has it, whatever it is, hesitated in her reply.

"It's a spark from the eye. Is that a quotation, or did I think of it myself? I don't know. But there is a line in 'The Grand Army Man' that defines magnetism." Laughter rippled forth again. "Magnetism that makes people think you are honest, no matter how crooked you are."

"By the way, I was sent home in disgrace from a rehearsal of 'The Grand Army Man' because I cried. It was a most humiliating experience. Only the spanking was lacking to make it an exact reproduction of scenes at home before I ever thought of acting. It was on a day when there was no matinée and I had been promised that I might remain at the rehearsal all day. For

a few minutes while the lighter scene was on, I enjoyed myself as a matinée girl does at a comedy, but Mr. Warfield commenced one of his big scenes. His son, in the play, is on trial in court and the poor old man played by Mr. Warfield is hovering about him. He gives him a sandwich and after a little while of piteous watching says, 'He don't eat the sandwich.' Then he peels an apple for him and the boy won't eat it. That is so natural! You

know when anything is wrong with us, how those who love us try to get us to eat? I felt choky and miserable when I saw that. Then the boy is sentenced and is being taken away, and the old man puts out his hands and takes hold of him. He tries in his feeble way to hold him. The way he clutched him with his two hands by the arm, and uttered a little inarticulate sound in his throat, ended my composure. The people who were rehearsing started at a loud 'boohoo' from the auditorium. I sobbed on. When I saw Mr. Belasco leave the stage I sniffed and tried hard to stop crying. It was too late.

"This won't do. I have called your cab. You must go home," he said.

"So I, who had proudly gone forth with the announcement that I would be gone all day, came back in an hour with a swollen face and red nose. It was exasperating."

We shifted to lighter things. Were pretty clothes, perhaps, one of Miss Starr's enthusiasms?

"Yes, indeed, sometimes." And a typical story followed.

"I saw a Paquin gown in a store down town. It was green, a favorite shade of mine, and oh, the prettiest thing! And oh, so expensive! I thought about that gown for two days. I spoke to sister about it. She said: 'If you want it very much you must have it, but you really don't need it. It is a luxury, not a necessity.' I tried to get her to say that I needed it, but no, I didn't, and she wouldn't. But I kept on thinking about the green dress. One night she had left my dressing room to go somewhere for an hour and the vision of the green gown came up again and tormented me. 'I must have it,' I said to myself. 'At least—well, I will send after sister, and leave it to fate. If they overtake her I am to have the dress. If not, I am not to have it. She had stopped a minute to speak to someone on the stage. The maid overtook

her. I am to have the dress."

It was when we spoke of the future of her career that there was a glimpse of another Frances Starr, the Frances Starr of ten years hence. The smile faded, leaving the pale little face with the large gray-blue eyes of the child woman, a mask of determination. There was not the slightest hint of dimple or smile to soften its seriousness.

"I shall not always play comedy. I intend to show that small women who inspire most of the tragedies of life can play tragedy."

Perhaps this was more than half a promise that one day before long we shall see Miss Starr as the unhappy Juliet.

We swung out of the carriage-flecked green and brown of the park to the door of her hotel. In the sunny apartment above the city's roofs sat a waiting intruder, a man. The interview was over.

ADA PATTERSON.



BUST OF EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET
By Launt Thompson

At the Players

We leave the burden of our toil
Outside the friendly door;
Safe-harboured, we but faintly hear
The city's distant roar.

Here, in this home he gave to us,
Here, where he lived and died,
The tender fragrance of his life
Must evermore abide.

His gentle spirit dwelt apart,
In regions clear and high—
"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

His fame, untarnished, here shall live,
In everlasting youth,
While unborn players speak with love
The name of Edwin Booth!

EDWARD T. MASON.



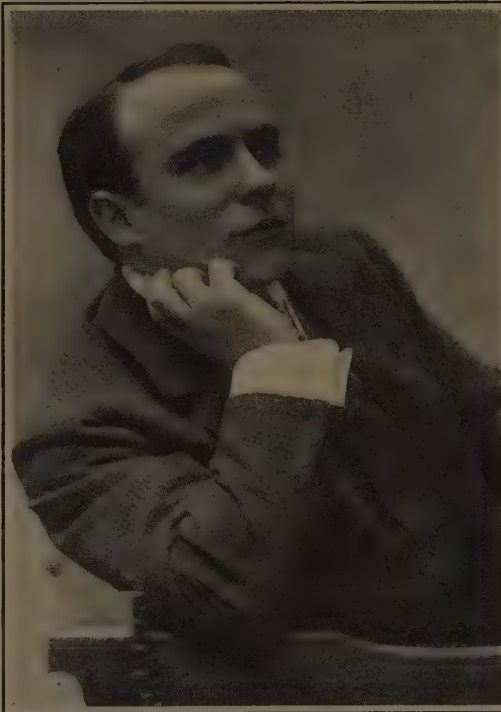
ROBERT MANTELL AS KING JOHN

Until Mr. Mantell revived "King John" this season Shakespeare's tragedy had not been seen on the American stage for some years. Edwin Booth tried it but found the experiment unprofitable, and seven years ago Madame Modjeska played it. Both Irving and Mansfield considered it but never attempted it. Mr. Brady has given the tragedy a splendid scenic setting and Mr. Mantell is reported to have achieved a distinct personal triumph in the title rôle. The *Chicago Evening Post* says: "As a genre study it is worthy to rank with Irving's 'Louis XI.'" Mr. Mantell will be seen in the play in New York later in the season.

Giovanni Zenatello—World Tenor

ACCLAIMED one of the world's few great living tenors, and yet a singularly modest man, alluding frankly to struggles and difficulties encountered in his upward career, speaking almost diffidently of his successes on two continents, such is the new tenor of the Manhattan Opera House who, coming to New York with but little previous heralding, won the large audience assembled for the opening night of the season with almost his first note.

Giovanni Zenatello was born in romantic old Verona, and has the blue eyes, the fair coloring of the northern Italian, so much less familiar to Americans than the dark southern Italian type. He is short, but well proportioned, with a frank, intelligent face. His father, a prosperous merchant of that city, did not favor his son's desire to adopt the operatic stage as a career, and as the future tenor persisted in his determination, his path was not a smooth one. He received his vocal training at the famous Milan Conservatory, but was singularly unfortunate in his first master, for that individual pronounced his young pupil a baritone—surprising enough to those who have heard the ringing high tones, full and dramatic, which delight his audiences. As a result of this mistaken training, when the young singer began to seek an engagement, this was not easy to find. The voice, forced out of its proper range, sounded small, and Milan theatres would have none of him. Finally, when his fortunes were at a very low ebb—for, since his father disapproved of his profession, young Zenatello was too proud to ask for his assistance—he secured an engagement in



Varischi Artico & Co., Milan
GIOVANNI ZENATELLO
One of the world's few great living tenors

manager was in despair, when his baritone appeared and volunteered to sing the tenor rôle that evening.

"You are mad," cried the worried impresario, "you are a baritone. They will not listen to you!"

Zenatello persisted—one can see this determination in his face—and had a triumph. That decided his career; henceforth he was a tenor. But his difficulties were by no means at an end. For more than two years he sang in small companies in the little towns of Apulia, and the vicinity of Naples. Then, when he had saved a certain amount of money, and felt that he could venture, he returned to Milan, and once more—but now as a full-fledged tenor—sought an engagement in that critical city. This time he was successful, though some of his former companions sneered when they heard of his intentions. But his début at La Scala silenced them. He had an overwhelming success, and from that evening his career was established. Since then he has sung in the principal cities of Italy, in Lisbon, and in

Brazil and Argentina, those gold mines for the really good singer, for South America is not content with mediocrities, but must have the best, for which, like her northern sister, she is willing to pay.

It was Zenatello's great success in the opera "Faust," a work somewhat out of his usual repertoire, at Covent Garden, London, with Melba as Marguerite, that actually led to his New York engagement. Melba was so delighted with him that she insistently urged his engagement upon Mr. Hammerstein, with such effect that that astute impresario engaged Zenatello by cable last spring. This is the singer's first visit to New York.

"I was greatly impressed by the enthusiasm of American audiences. I had been told that they were cold, but I do not think so. It interested me to see how the American women applaud here, quite as much as, if not more than, the men. With us, the aristocratic Italian lady never applauds. She leaves that to the men. I prefer your way."

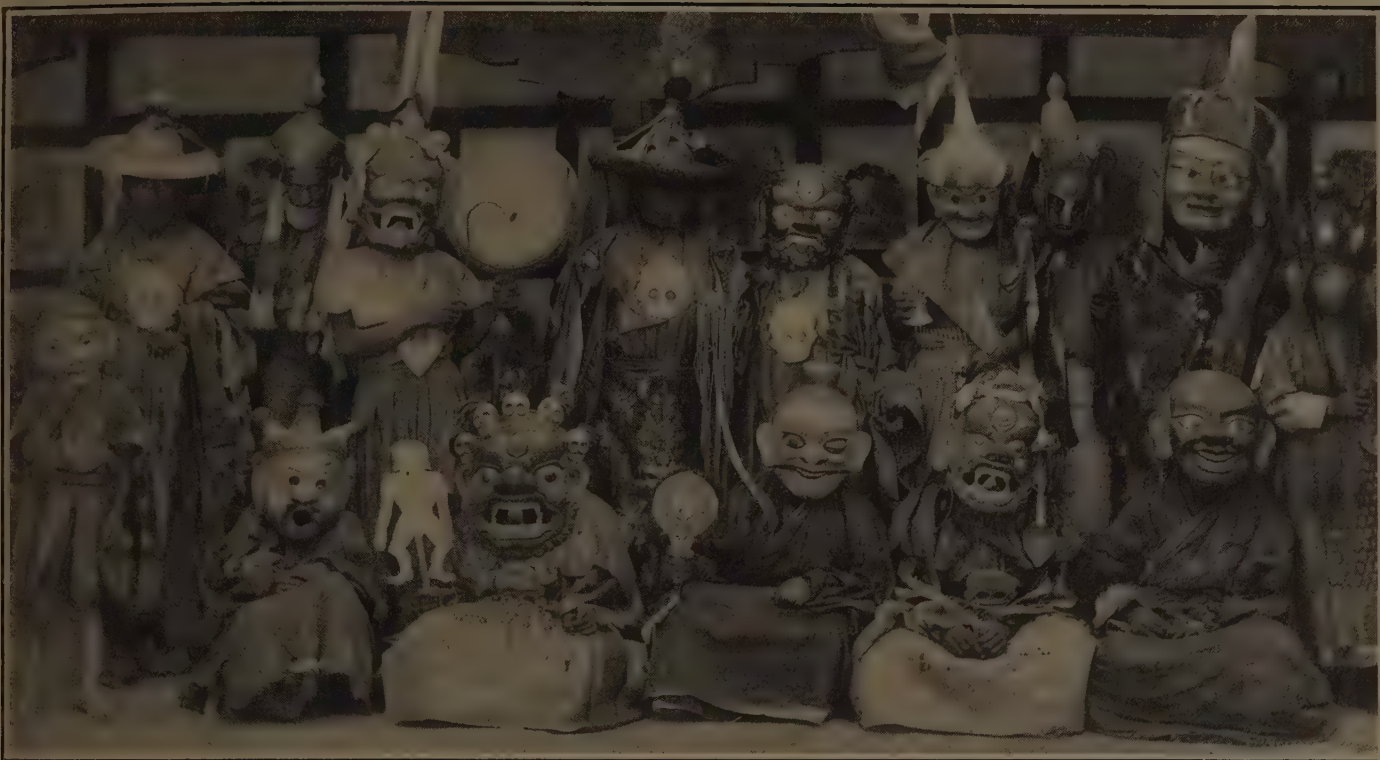
ELISE LATHROP.



AS ALIGI IN "LA FIGLIA DI JORIO"



AS DON JOSE IN "CARMEN"



THESE ARE NOT STAGE LADIES WITH 'PASTS,' BUT PRIESTLY DEVIL DANCERS FOR THE DYING

Mummery and Music in British India

By MAURICE DUNLAP

PARIS has the "Can-can," Egypt the dance of Midway fame, India the *Nautch*.

The *Nautch* resembles the dance of Cairo in many ways, appealing as it does more to the Oriental idea of grace and beauty than to the senses. It has in addition a semi-religious character which can hardly be said of the "Hoochie-coochie" or the "Can-can."

It is the great national dance of India, whether performed by lamplight in a Rajah's court, heavy with the scent of perfumed fountains, or danced in the dim recesses of a gloomy temple before the shrine of a hideous Hindu god, or given at a wedding festival before a flower-bedecked bride and bridegroom and their guests who sit around the performers, munching sweets and chewing the scarlet betel nut.

May is the bridal month in India. Night

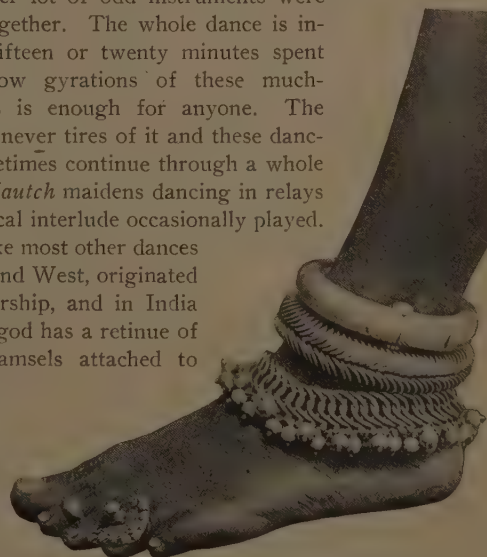
and day in the big busy city of Allahabad we heard the sound of the tom-tom at our gates while the clashing of cymbals, the ringing of bells and the weird monotonous music of native-stringed instruments announced the passing of merry throngs of revelers. If we ventured out on the streets teeming with Oriental life we were almost sure to encounter a bridal party covered with gay colors and jasmine flowers, sometimes on foot, sometimes on gorgeously-caparisoned camels, sometimes in native bullock carts, on horseback or in floats gaudily trimmed with paper festoons, flowers and tinsel tawdriness.

One afternoon when the thermometer was soaring around 112° in the shade we happened to come upon a wedding party enjoying a *Nautch* exhibition under the welcome shelter of a mango tree. Two girls in long robes and covered with jewels from tip to toe—tiara, necklaces, nose rings, earrings, bracelets and belled-anklets—were whirling slowly in circles, clashing their ankle bells rhythmically to native music. Four or five musicians formed the orchestra and a stranger lot of odd instruments were never brought together. The whole dance is interminable and fifteen or twenty minutes spent watching the slow gyrations of these much-ankleted damsels is enough for anyone. The Hindu, however, never tires of it and these dancing festivals sometimes continue through a whole night, the tired *Nautch* maidens dancing in relays with a brief musical interlude occasionally played.

The *Nautch*, like most other dances in both the East and West, originated in a place of worship, and in India every up-to-date god has a retinue of these dancing damsels attached to his temple. They wear gorgeous variegated robes heavy with gold and silver thread and carry around small



AN INDIAN ACTRESS FROM DELHI



JEWELS ON THE FOOT OF A HINDU LADY

fortunes in jewels upon their persons. Their dark hair is plastered down over the ears, parted in the middle and exactly under each part between the eyes is a brilliant colored dot denoting by its color to which deity that particular damsel is devoted.

The present writer was in the town of Juggernaut shortly after the yearly festival when the far-famed car of the cruel god, along with companion cars of his brother and sister, are drawn through the streets by frantic fanatics. The place swarmed with ash-covered fakirs, pilgrims and priests, and everywhere along the streets, in the bazaars and around the big temples were crowds of the gayly-decked dancers of the three deities. All through the festival they dance for the amusement of these demon, diamond-eyed gods or for any of the thousands of visitors who will pay for a performance. Their earnings go to support the temple and the lazy parasite priests who grow sleek and fat doing nothing but receiving presents for one of the richest and most popular of Indian shrines. But the gold-laden girls have hardly so fortunate a lot. They are bond-slaves of the god from infancy to the grave. Their mothers danced their weary way through life before the same idols, and so did their grandmothers. Fate has ordained it and who can set aside the decree? Such is one of the many cruelties of *caste*—the curse of India.

Besides the *Nautch* there is another semi-religious dance particularly arranged for funeral festivities called the *Devil Dance*. This weird way of worshiping the deity, while not seen in India proper, is common on the Tibetan border and in Ceylon, where the last relics of Buddhism still survive. The *Nautch* belongs rather to Hinduism, the *Devil Dance* to the newer faith. The dancers are priests who, grotesquely masqued in frightful costumes, jump and gyrate around the bed of some poor unfortunate deceased or dying person—if he is not already dead when the dance commences, the victim is pretty sure to die of fright. These mummers mean it very kindly, however, and whirl in fantastic measures around the miserable man to accustom him forsooth to the more hideous demons who will haunt his path through purgatory to the realms of paradise.

One thing we hardly expected to find in India was an "American Circus," yet on arrival in Ajmere, a prosperous town in Western India, we were astonished to see a band wagon distributing bills announcing in Hindustani and ungrammatical English the importation of a real American circus—startling sensations, trapeze performing, a "wild leopard act," etc. A rajah happened to be staying in Ajmere at the time



LOTTA FAUST IN "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"

keep awake. But still it went on, and though tired from a long day's journey, I could not leave without offending the whole community. The final act, however, which came off some time in the small hours of the morning, was something of a thriller. A big leopard was brought out, and it was the real thing, indeed. If acrobats and clowns are not indigenous to India, not so with leopards. There are beauties to be had in a thousand jungles, but I prefer them in the forest and do not relish having a snarling specimen within a few feet of me restrained only by a rope. The Hindu contingent admired the beast in awe-inspired whispers and the rajah's son, who spoke fair English, explained how he would proceed to knife it if it came into our box! Fortunately it did not, and after it had been prodded and provoked to snarl hideously and had nearly slipped its leash several times it was led away and the show was over.

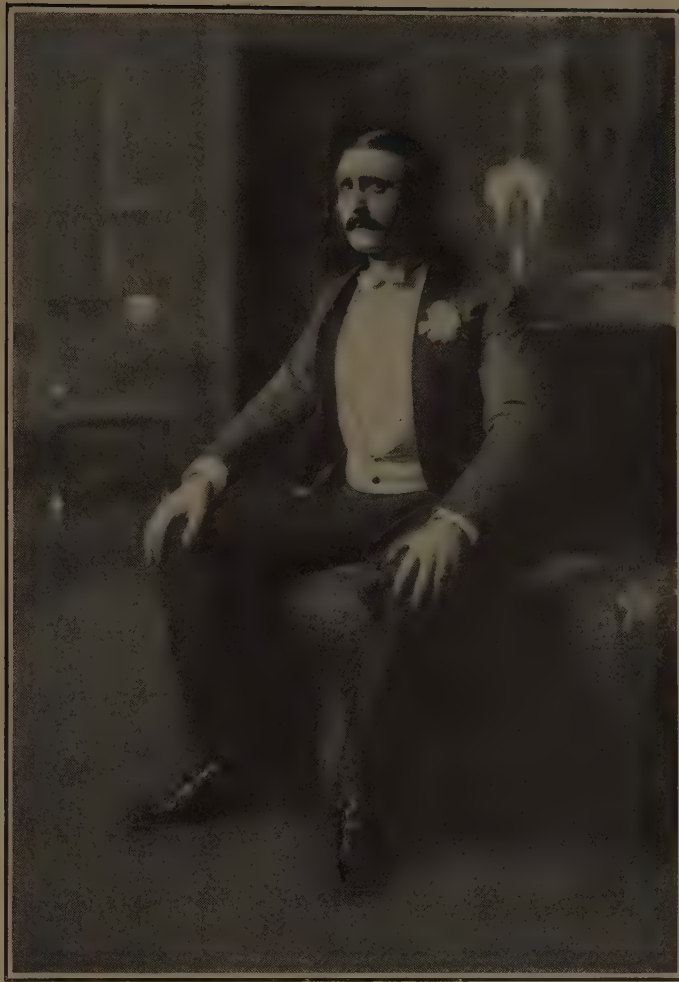
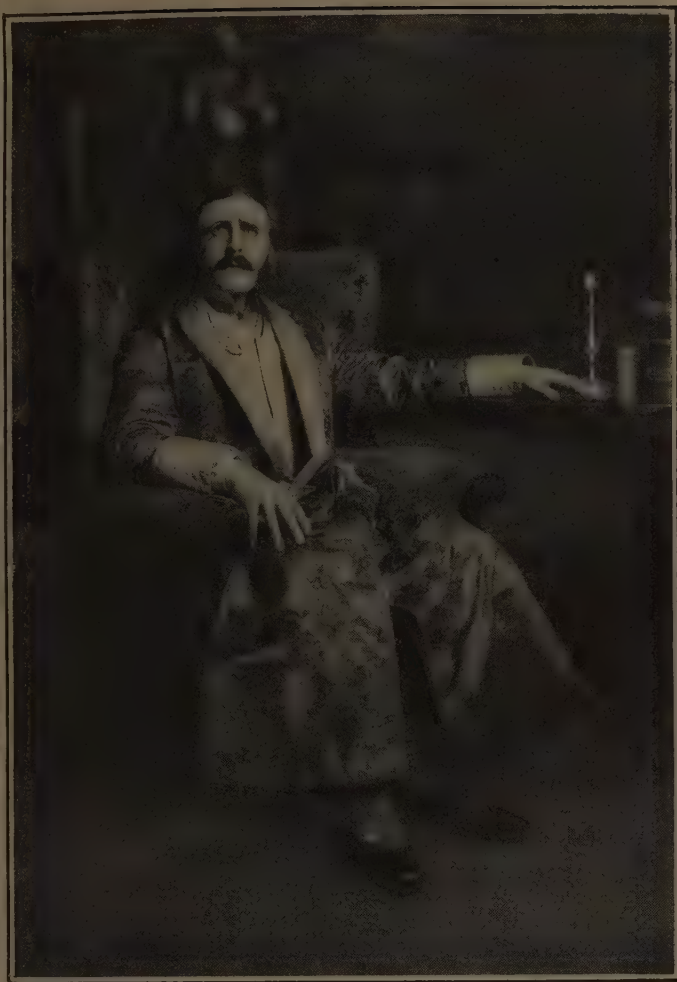
"American Circuses" may please the native, but in India I prefer the *Nautch*.

After an audience, the next essential of the drama is a body of critics. Good or bad, they are all alike valuable. Were it not for them, the stage would perish in the cold shade of obscurity. Theirs is the function once discharged by the intrepid fellow who beat the drum and played upon the Pan's pipe outside the stroller's booth. They compel the people to come in. They initiate discussion; they evoke curiosity; and their forcible execution, now vehemently urged by certain doctors, would be speedily followed by the death of the theatre.—*Observer, London.*



PHYLLIS SHERWOOD

Clever young actress now playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Sherwood, who is a daughter of Grace Sherwood, a well-known actress, was a member last summer of the Geo. Fawcett Stock Company in Atlanta, Ga.



Photos by Hall

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS LORD DUNDREARY IN HIS REVIVAL OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN"

The Sotherns—Father and Son—as Lord Dundreary

IT is interesting in view of Mr. E. H. Sothorn's present revival of "Our American Cousin," to recall the early history of the play and the conspicuous part taken in it by the elder Sothorn, whose famous impersonation of Lord Dundreary first established his reputation with American theatrogoers.

"There is not a single look, word or act," wrote E. A. Sothorn three years before his death, "in Lord Dundreary that has not been suggested to me by persons whom I have known since I was five years of age."

This was written in 1878, when Lord Dundreary had become better known than most members of the English nobility, when his whiskers had set the fashion, his clothes had been copied by the elect, his ulster (suggested by the long frieze coat of an Irish pig driver) had introduced that comfortable garment to society, his remarks were household words, and everywhere this unique creation of Sothorn's mercurial genius and nimble wit had become a familiar, and, in spite of his apparently empty mind, a beloved friend. If Mr. Sothorn's statement is to be ac-

cepted literally, he must have met a vast number of oddities in his time.

Yet at the beginning Lord Dundreary was a minor part, with just forty-seven lines to speak, in a very poor play. In 1858, as a stop-gap, Laura Keane put in rehearsal "Our American Cousin" by Tom Taylor, a comedy having as its central figure a Yankee as imagined by an Englishman of the time, a grotesque caricature, without merit. The rôle of Dundreary, a conventional English fop, was given to Edward Askew Sothorn, an English actor of thirty-two, who had been with Lester Wallack for four seasons, acting heavy parts and low comedy, making his first success in 1857 as Duval to Matilda Heron's Camille.

Dundreary was not at all to his liking, but permission to "gag" *ad libitum* made him willing to go on with it. The rôle was practically rewritten, in accordance with an idea Mr. Sothorn had had in mind for years. Everything that was absurd and extravagant was added, and changes and additions were frequent. Soon came the gait that was like nothing human, the hesi-



Rockwood, N. Y.

THE ELDER SOTHERN AS LORD DUNDREARY

tating, earnest speech, the "magnificent sneeze," the letter from his "bwother," the business of counting his fingers, the twisted proverbs, the thousand and one touches that went to make up this absurd, half-foolish, entirely amusing figure, who possessed nevertheless a certain measure of intelligent shrewdness, and whose wildest conversational shot usually hit some sort of a mark, though not perhaps the one he had aimed at. "Dundreary's mind had a single track, with very few switches, and

ten. Then starting to count back, beginning with the right thumb,—ten, nine, eight, seven, six,—which, with five on the left hand, made eleven,—a deep mystery which came near to addling his brains! When the play was taken to Paris, a disastrous experiment, this scene was used as an advertising poster—the tall, slender figure gazing in vacuous bewilderment at its fingers.

The career of "Our American Cousin" was long and honorable,



Gladys Hanson

Mr. E. H. Sothern



Adolph Lestina

Helena Head

SCENES IN "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" REVIVED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, NEW YORK

his confusions of intellect were the result of collisions of trains of thought running in opposite directions," says H. A. Clapp in his *Reminiscences*.

As time went on and Dundreary became more and more the central figure, the play was revised, practically rewritten, the other parts made subordinate, old lines cut out and new business introduced. In the text they are not more striking than in the usual clever comedy, but delivered in Sothern's inimitable manner, with his intense gravity and eager but jerky speech, they added to "the gaiety of nations." To take two as examples:

The letter from "Tham" is often mentioned in connection with the play. As given earlier, Dundreary began reading the letter aloud—"My dear Frederick"; then, earnestly, "He calls me Frederick because my name is Wobert." Later, it was "Dear bwother." Then a pause. Surely this was something to be elucidated—"Tham always calls me his bwother—because neither of us ever had a sister," and the reason being breathed forth in a voice choked with grief, appealed to the audience as was to be expected.

Dundreary's singleness of mind made the number of his fingers a difficult question to solve. He counted first from one to

and although Mr. Sothern appeared with success and distinction in other plays, it was as Dundreary that his audiences wanted him, and it is in that rôle that his name will be handed to posterity. From 1858 to 1861 he played it in this country, always to crowded houses. In 1861 he took it to London. For two weeks the company faced failure, then came phenomenal success, a run of over four hundred nights. It was the first of the long runs in that city. After this he divided his time between this country and England until his death, which occurred at London in January, 1881. He was a gifted actor, and versatile, although tied in spite of himself to one rôle nearly all of his professional life. As David Garrick, particularly, he played with grace, feeling and a lightness of touch that has not been excelled; and his Fitzaltmont in "The Crushed Tragedian" was burlesque raised to a high art. It was, however, in Dundreary that his genius had full sway, and elevated what might have been a bit of farcical fooling into the realm of actuality. As a unique expression of dramatic art, it has a definite and permanent rank in stage history.

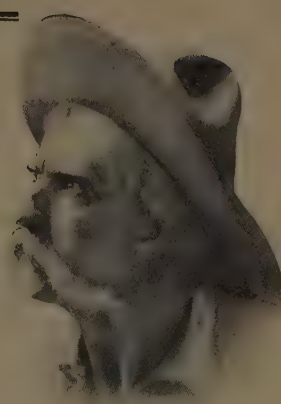
The play comes to the Lyric Theatre on January 27. Mr. Sothern has given the revival an elaborate setting and carefully selected his supporting cast.

HETTIE GRAY BAKER.

A Versatile Character Actor



AS TABYWANA IN "THE SQUAW MAN"



AS HENRY CANBY IN "ARIZONA"

AMONG the small band of character actors who stand at the head of their profession in this country, there is none who occupies a more honorable position than Theodore Roberts. Some names in our greenroom "Who's Who" are better known than his, but this is largely due, first, to the fact that Mr. Roberts has not often essayed the romantic or heroic

pany. Mr. Roberts' conception of Legree was revolutionary, but real, and since then his creation has been generally accepted as the standard realization of the character. Then, in 1905, as Tabywana in the "Squaw Man," he showed us the first real red Indian that has ever appeared upon the American stage, to be followed this season by Joe Portugais, the graphically limned voyageur Mr. Roberts has undoubtedly

struck the highest note of his career.

For while the other characters that I have mentioned were mainly photographic—that is, visual in their appeal—Portugais is both photographic and emotional, and aside from the strong physical interest of the character, the part calls for the finest quality of subtle and sustained acting.

Theodore Roberts was born in San Francisco, October 8, 1861, in the heart of the district later given over to "Chinatown." His people were well off, his father being the proprietor of a line of merchant ships plying between the Golden Gate and eastern and southern ports. His mother had early set her heart on having him become a minister, and preparatory to carrying out this plan, he was entered at a school of elocution at about the age of seventeen. He had always possessed a taste for declamation, and so eagerly did he study and rapidly progress that the owner of the school took him into partnership with him at the end of the first year. In addition to elocution, dramatic art was taught at this school, and amateur theatricals, in which Roberts usually took prominent parts, were occasionally given by the students. It

chanced one day that James O'Neill, the tragedian, happened in during a performance, and was so struck by the vigor and feeling of Roberts' delivery that he invited the boy to visit him that they might read "Richelieu" together. Young Roberts gladly accepted the invitation, and it was not long after that O'Neill called upon his mother and persuaded her to let Theodore go on the professional stage. "For that's where he belongs," he said in concluding his argument. And so the next week the young man's name appeared upon the program of Tom McGuire's Stock Company, a historic aggregation, which contained at the time, among others who later achieved fame, O'Neill, Lewis, Morrison and James A. Herne. During the following year Roberts made his debut on the metropolitan stage in the company of Robson and Crane at

parts of the conventional matinée idol, and, second, because he has been content to rest his bid for fame upon the solid achievements of his art rather than to seek advertisement by the devious route of cheap press exploitation. He is one of the few American actors who may be said to be known solely by his work, whose "personality" has been so rarely pictured by the glowing pen of the press agent that the theatre-goers who have esteemed his impersonations know nothing of the man himself. In the minds of thousands of people he exists only as a bluff Western ranch-owner, or as the character of Simon Legree, stepped lifelike from the pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a Ute Indian chief, or a French Canadian voyageur, vivid and convincing, with the picturesque patois of the habitant upon his lips. Mr. Roberts has chosen to act rather than to talk for publication, and the parts that he has created will be remembered and copied by understudies of the future, though his name may be forgotten and his private character relegated to the peaceful limbo which will never encompass within its shades the traditional temper of Mansfield or the charlatan spirit which prompted the milk-bath advertising campaign of Miss Anna Held.

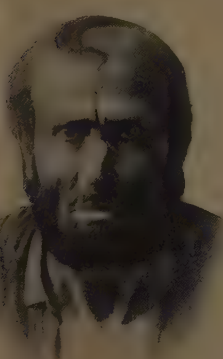
It is about ten years since Mr. Roberts' work made its first big impress on Broadway audiences, when he created the part of Canby in "Arizona." Then, for the first time, a real

Western ranch-owner walked the boards of a New York playhouse and lived over a phase of his life nightly for the public delectation. Canby was not supposed to be the star of the play, but as Roberts presented him, a large percentage of critics and laymen found him more interesting than Lieutenant Denton, the hero of the piece. His next pronounced hit was as Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," two or three seasons later, when William A. Brady put on that old favorite at the Academy of Music with Wilton Lackaye in the title rôle supported by a first-class com-



Fowler

THEODORE ROBERTS



AS SIMON LEGREE IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"



AS JOE PORTUGAIS IN "THE RIGHT OF WAY"



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAUDE ADAMS

the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. He was singularly fortunate in his beginnings, and seems to have experienced none of the traditional struggles of genius at the start.

At the end of his first New York season, however, the call of the California spring became so insistent that he fled from Broadway on the fastest transcontinental express that he could find advertised. During the five years that followed his return to California, he led an adventurous and oftentimes impecunious existence as a member of a barnstorming troupe which toured the Pacific Coast. This is remembered as the most unpleasant part of his career. The disagreeable, haphazard features of the travel and one-night stands, together with the drudgery of continual rehearsal and uncertainty of pay, had succeeded in rubbing just about all the glamor off his mask and buskin, when his father came forward with the proposition that he give up the stage and go to sea for a few years with the idea of ultimately fitting himself to be an admiralty lawyer. Theodore acquiesced readily to the plan, and for three years he commanded one of his father's schooners sailing between San Francisco, Hong Kong and the South Seas. From his earliest youth he had loved the water, and it used to be his boast as a boy that he could tell his location blindfolded on any part of San Francisco Bay if given the soundings. There is no question but that his free outdoor life on the sea and among the

California mountains has colored and freshened his art and given it the healthy and virile stimulus which is its chief power and charm. His acting is fundamentally American in feeling and atmosphere, because of its primitive grip and large open-air spirit.

Roberts was a first-class seaman and a good commander, but the lure of the footlights was not to be so easily foregone as he had supposed. For when, upon a return home from a long voyage, he was offered a place in the company of Fannie Davenport, he found himself accepting the part with profuse thanks almost before he knew it. Throughout that season he played with Miss Davenport in the larger cities of California, and when she made her first appearance in New York, he continued with her, being advanced the following year to the position of leading man in her company. Henceforth Mr. Roberts began to look upon Broadway with a more favorable eye. He has since resided in the East when not on tour.

His home is located at Bayonne, New Jersey, on the west shore of New York Bay, and most of the actor's leisure hours are spent on the water in his motor-boat cruiser. Next summer he expects to travel in his staunch little craft from Bayonne to the upper reaches of the Saguenay River in Canada, by way of the Hudson River, Lake Champlain, the Richelieu River and the St. Lawrence for a season among the habitant fishermen and trappers who dwell along that picturesque stream.

Mr. Roberts is very often confused in the public mind with the Canadian short story writer and poet, Theodore Roberts, the younger brother of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts. Time and again amusing complications have arisen as a result of this confusion, the actor getting credit for literary work of a kind that he would very likely write if he were an author, and the writer being congratulated for histrionic achievements which in many respects typify the spirit of much of his prose and poetry. But as a matter of fact, the two men are not even distantly related by family connections, and have never met, though they sometimes get each other's mail. Not long ago Mr. Roberts, the actor, received at the theatre in which he was appearing a letter postmarked at a point down in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico. It was from a refugee American gambler and prospector, who said that he wanted to thank him for saving his life, as he had been down on his luck so badly the year previous that he had decided to commit suicide, and had only been restrained from carrying out his purpose through reading one of Theodore Roberts' poems in an old magazine. The optimistic tone of the verses had made such an impression upon him that he had decided to delay his funeral a while, and since then had come into better fortune. And as the week previous, he went on to say, he had happened upon a later periodical in an American's camp, in which the important plays and players of the

New York theatrical season were mentioned, he had felt it incumbent upon him to write and make known his gratitude. Mr. Roberts is hoping that some day his namesake will write a play as appealing as the poem, in which he may appear.

As a master of the art of make-up, Theodore Roberts has few equals, and no superiors on our stage. I have twice sat in the orchestra of Wallack's Theatre during performances of "The Squaw Man" and heard men near me offer wagers that Roberts was a full-blooded Indian, so startlingly life-like was his representation of the old Ute chief. At the beginning of the present season, when he appeared as Portugais in "The Right of Way" in Ottawa, before an audience composed largely of habitants, it was generally believed that he was a real voyageur, specially engaged for the part.

Mr. Roberts is about six feet in height and rather heavily built. He has the long, straight-featured, plastic face that is so often met with among actors, a ruddy outdoor complexion, and a pair of large dark-blue eyes, which for keenness can only be compared with those of the proverbial eagle. His deep bass voice is of a timbre naturally suited to the guttural Ute language of Tabywana, though his nose, while of the right Napoleonic length, served merely as the groundwork for the big chief's broad, hooked organ of smell, and the broken proboscis of the vicious Legree.



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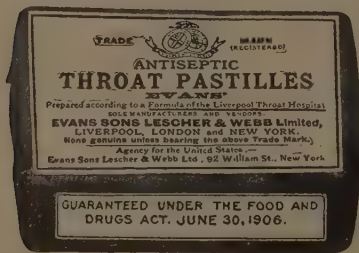
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At the Opera

(Continued from page 41)

markable heed to details that Mahler does. But let all that be answered that Seidl is dead and Mahler lives; and if the older generation learned a lot from Seidl, then let the younger set learn from Mahler—and there is a vast amount to be learned from this extraordinary man. His reading of "Tristan und Isolde" was a revelation, and nothing short of that!

As Isolde, Fremstad was big. She has put brains into her acting and singing, and she departed from the conventional Isolde in more ways than one. No one would reasonably assert that she is without faults, for no singer yet entirely comprehended and portrayed this difficult rôle with a single performance; and no auditor, too, who has watched the work of this artist in the past—her Kundry, Salome, Venus, Brangaene—doubts in the least that with time her Isolde will be ranged alongside of the big Isolde which the operatic world has known and proclaimed.

But the point in which Fremstad surprised her hearers most was in her singing. Instead of straining the vocal resources of this singer—who was originally a contralto—it seemed for the greater part to lie happily within her possibilities. When the music permitted she brought to hearing the sensuous quality of those lower tones that are famously beautiful. Throughout, Fremstad sang with her brains, and the result was a wonderful Isolde which appealed to the heart through the intellect. She did not, as some of her operatic sisters have done in this part, tear scenery to tatters in her rage—she was always a princess until the love potion broke through her dignity and made her a woman who is racked by passion. After that she portrayed the reckless, hopeless love in a manner that was remarkably impressive.

The other performers were familiar ones. Knoté, the Tristan, was vocally not happy, but Homer sang an admirable Brangaene and Van Rooy was rugged as Kurwenal. There was a new setting for the third act, the lights were managed beautifully, and the whole performance was marked by features of rare excellence. It was a "Tristan und Isolde" performance which the younger generation will not easily forget—even if it only stirred the older ones to remembering Seidl!

Another feature of the operatic month was the revival of Mascagni's "Iris," which has lain dormant here ever since the composer visited this country, half a decade ago, and attempted to make propaganda for his own music. Then it became apparent that "Iris" was not a great work, and this truth was borne home by the recent revival. The music is shallow, and for the greater part uninteresting, and not even the handsome scenic settings at the Metropolitan served to breathe interest into the production. Mme. Parnes sang the title rôle and earned new laurels for her work, and Caruso, as the Japanese roué, came as near as possible to toddling when he walked, while Scotti gave a fine reading of his unsavory part. The mounting of the opera is extravagantly beautiful, but it seems largely a waste of good material, for "Iris" is not interesting.

For the rest there have been repetitions and revivals at both opera houses.

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"When put to soak in cold water over night and then boiled 15 minutes in the morning while getting breakfast it makes a delicious drink."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Sardou's New Play

(Continued from page 39)

mamma, to win at cards, to find money, not to get fat, not to get old, not to have children, and almost all to be quickly rid of their husbands, so they can marry their lovers.

GRIFFARD: And for all that the best way is—

MME. VOISIN: Why, of course.

GRIFFARD: Aren't you afraid?

MME. VOISIN: Of what?

GRIFFARD: Of the police.

MME. VOISIN: What do I care for the police? My customers are too influential to let the police annoy me. But, tell me, what were you in prison for?

GRIFFARD: Counterfeiting.

MME. VOISIN: There's more trouble than profit in that.

GRIFFARD: That's why I am giving it up. I've got something bigger on hand.

MME. VOISIN: What?

GRIFFARD: Can you keep a secret?

MME. VOISIN: Yes—yes—

GRIFFARD (*lowering his voice*): The death of the King!

MME. VOISIN (*starting back*): What! You, too?

GRIFFARD: I, too? Why, has anyone approached you?

MME. VOISIN: Yes, and I'm to be well paid, too. A hundred thousand francs. I am only waiting for that to retire from business.

GRIFFARD: I wonder if it's for the same people.

MME. VOISIN: Who are yours?

GRIFFARD: Oh, there is no mystery about mine. They are the friends of M. Fouquet—

MME. VOISIN: Mine, too.

GRIFFARD: —who have given up hope of obtaining his pardon, and see in the death of the King the only way of getting him out of prison.

MME. VOISIN: That's it. There are three of them. You see them every day?

GRIFFARD: Every day.

MME. VOISIN: And they proposed it to you after having offered it to me?

GRIFFARD: Perhaps they thought you were not quick enough.

MME. VOISIN: Oh, it's very easy, isn't it? The King's dishes and wines are tasted in advance. Everything he eats, including his knife and fork, are kept under lock and key.

GRIFFARD: Perhaps the best way would be to have him swallow it one day at the hunt, for instance.

MME. VOISIN: We must have an accomplice for that.

GRIFFARD: I have one.

MME. VOISIN: Who?

GRIFFARD: Oh, it's likely that I'm going to tell you, so you can do me out of it.

MME. VOISIN: No, I never go back on a friend. Come, instead of quarreling over this thing, let's do it together.

GRIFFARD: You're pretty smart. What do you contribute?

MME. VOISIN: The poison.

GRIFFARD (*laughing*): No, thank you. Some apothecary's drug like the Saint Croix sublimate, which took ten doses to kill.

MME. VOISIN: Have you anything better?

GRIFFARD: I have the best of all, the only one.

MME. VOISIN: What is that?

GRIFFARD: The one Borgia used.

MME. VOISIN (*with admiration*): Yes, she knew her business! (*She draws closer to Griffard*) My dear little Abbé, it would be so nice to be partners.

GRIFFARD: Perhaps.

MME. VOISIN: Not only for business. (*He looks at her*) Yes, I mean it. I'm rich, you know. (*She sits on the arm of Griffard's chair, and while she speaks puts her arm around the Abbé's neck and rubs her cheek against his.*)

MME. VOISIN: With what I have saved—and this new money—and the money in the strong box I can buy a nice little country house, and you and I will go and live in it. Really, I have taken a great fancy to you, my dear little Abbé. You've no idea how I like you (*shaking him*). What is it about you, you rascal, which makes me fancy you so much? We'll live like lords. Wouldn't you like that, my fat little cat?

GRIFFARD (*smiling*): Who wouldn't?

MME. VOISIN (*quickly*): Is it a bargain?

GRIFFARD: Give me the time—

MME. VOISIN: All right. And we'll begin by your taking supper with me.

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But greater than goodness is absolute purity. That is the rarest quality in beer, the most important and the most expensive.

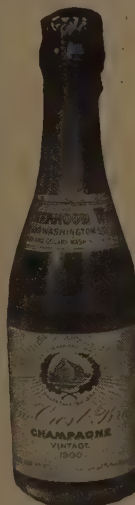
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to guard tender skins from the effect of winter wind and weather, thus insuring a smooth, clear, healthy complexion. Use Mennen's after bathing and after shaving. In the nursery it is indispensable.

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Powder—it has the
scent of fresh-cut Parma
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Passing of Madison Sq. Theatre

(Continued from page 46)

Square the little playhouse might have taken breath and pondered whether or not its aims had been fulfilled. On its diminutive stage every American actor of prominence had strutted, for when it was not in use by the stock company it was leased. There Richard Mansfield created Dr. Jekyll and his attendant monster, and Minnie Maddern played a short engagement there before she set fire to her ships and elected to be great or nothing. Notwithstanding this and the further fact that foreign actors were not welcomed there the Madison Square had no more right than its rivals to call itself a strictly American stage. American plays had been produced on it, at intervals, that was all it could claim.

Palmer had gone and with him the last faint aroma of the Mallory formula when that claim was at last to be made good, and Charles Hoyt produced there a series of farces which remain typically American. It may be that American dramatic literature is destined to have no higher exponent than a Goldoni, and "The Trip to Chinatown," "The Midnight Bell," "The Texas Steer," etc., are to be called the true American design. To predict this would be to assume the dunce's cap, and not the prophet's mantle, and one may be content to enjoy the keen observation and dry humor of the Hoyt farces without pretending to prophesy how long they will live. They occupied the stage of the Madison Square long enough to introduce several new characters to the drama and several new actors to create them who have since gone far. The most notable of these is Maude Adams. This accomplished and serious comedienne earned generous praise as the school girl in "The Midnight Bell."

Charles Hoyt admitted no collaborator in his farce-making and his death put an end to the supply. Without new pieces the house could not go on, and it joined the theatres without independent management that could be leased by any itinerant manager able to speculate for a couple of weeks on the favor of New York.

Thus the end began. For a season or two longer it kept its doors open, but fashion rarely crossed them and the *hoi polloi* never had found the way there. Finally the theatre was "dark," and the Madison Square had joined the "Jonahs" of the theatrical profession.

What remains is to enclose its brief renewal of life in three or four paragraphs. In 1905 Mr. Walter N. Lawrence, who had assisted Mr. Daniel Frohman in the management of the Lyceum and Daly's, undertook to reanimate the dead bones by aid of a farce rescued from vaudeville and renamed "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." In this he was well served by two clever actors—William Morris and Frank Worthing. Succeeding it came "The Firm of Cunningham," which finished out the season.

A new season opened with "The Prince Chap" as obviously appealing as Dickens' Christmas Carol, and other plays produced were "The Man on the Box," an adaptation of a popular novel by Miss Grace Furniss, and "The Three of Us" by Miss Rachel Crothers. The last named, indeed, carried one back to the good days of the playhouse and should have restored its fortunes if any play could. A comedy by Miss Furniss, "The Man in the Case," filled out the last season.

If it be true, as has been said, that of the long list of dramatic pieces presented at this theatre not one remains in our literature, their effect on their generation must not be disregarded on that account, for the very fables of their childhood have influence on a people. What share these dramatic fables had in the formation of the character of two generations of New Yorkers who can determine? That the Madison Square Theatre did not always recognize its noble work; that it performed it imperfectly and was set aside before the work was done, need surprise nobody; that is the story of nearly all human endeavor.

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In the present time the majority of members of amateur dramatic clubs are struggling over the plays of the greatest dramatists; and if few of them succeed in interpreting them according to the real intention of the author, it is only because that the masterpiece that is not in the mind cannot be got out of the soul. If ambitious amateur actors were to practise less and think more the result would fully repay them for the mental exertion; for, like unpolished diamonds, the inner beauty of classical plays must be diligently and patiently sought for.—General Anzeiger.

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LUTYER BROTHERS
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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 36)

EMPIRE. "THE JESTERS." Poetic drama in four acts by Miguel Zamacois. Adapted by John Raphael. Produced Jan. 15 with this cast:

René de Chancencac, Maude Adams; Nicole, Mme. Cotrelli; Solange de Mautpre, Consuelo Bailey; Volcano, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Baron de Mautpre, Fred Tyler; Robert de Belfonte, William Lewers; Oliver, Edwin Holt; Baroco, E. W. Morrison; Hilarious, Frederic Eric; Jack Pudding, George Henry Trader; Jacques, Wallace Jackson; Julian, Frederic Santley; Pierre, L. B. Carleton; Roger, Wm. H. Claire.

If one might judge by the tumultuous applause and countless curtain calls which greeted Miss Maude Adams' appearance in "The Jesters" on the opening night, this poetic drama is one of the most tremendous successes the local stage has seen in a decade and Chicot, the humped-back jester, the most delightful and satisfying rôle that this favorite actress has yet essayed. The sophisticated theatregoer, however, has learned by experience that the enthusiasm of first-night audiences means absolutely nothing. Some of the worst failures on record have been hailed at their premières as overwhelming triumphs. First-night performances seem to attract persons who are not only deficient in the slightest sense of proportion, but even in common sense, and who appear to have come to the theatre not to enjoy a play, but to applaud willy-nilly regardless of merit. Noisy persons with large hands and leather lungs insist on "Speech! Speech!" knowing perfectly well,—in this case at least,—that no speech will be made, but only a timid "I thank you," by a nervous shrinking little woman, who is too intelligent not to herself wonder what all the pother is about.

"The Jesters" is a charming fairy tale, and makes a certain appeal to the heart and the imagination, but it affords slight material for a play. The action is slow and labored, and of situations there are practically none. A penniless baron is living with his sixteen-year-old daughter Solange, and a handful of starved retainers in a ruined castle. While his lordship is scheming how to make both ends meet, Miss Solange spends her time dreaming of a Prince Charming who shall come and woo her innocence. René de Chancencac and Robert de Belfonte, two young noblemen who have heard of the girl's beauty, gain admission to the castle in the guise of jesters, and they take part in a tournament of wit in which join other strolling players already on the spot. René wins the prize and reveals himself as the Prince of the damsel's aspirations.

This simple little tale, which is old as fiction itself, finds its best expression in verse, but unfortunately our actors are unschooled in the poetic drama, and whatever atmosphere might have been given in the original French production was altogether lost in the American rendering. The result was a prosaic and tedious performance.

Let it be said also frankly that the rôle of the humped-back jester does not suit Maude Adams. She appears to less advantage in it than in any part in which she has yet appeared. What a queer idea this to persist in giving male rôles to as womanly a little woman as ever trod our stage! The essence of Maude Adams' great success, the secret of her vast popularity with our public, is her innate sweetness, her lovable personality, her modesty and womanly charm. In such a part, for instance, as Dorothy in "Rosemary" she is seen at her best. But she is entirely out of her element in male rôles. In "Peter Pan" she acted the part of a boy, but it was an innocent, elfish rôle, which fitted admirably her sprightly, elusive personality. She was a child playing with children. She was not called upon to make amorous advances to one of her own sex. To see her making love to another woman is decidedly unpleasant. Sarah Bernhardt may have to play freakish characters, but there is no such necessity here.

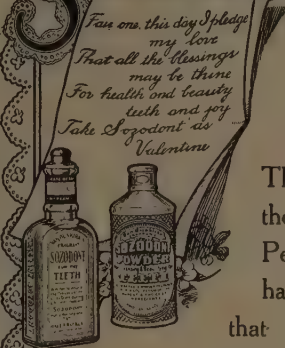
GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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WEBER'S. BURLESQUE OF "THE MERRY WIDOW." Book by George V. Hobart, music by Franz Lehár. Produced January 2 with this cast:

Baron Copoff, Albert Hart; Prince Dandilo, Charles J. Ross; Caramel De Jollidog, Peter F. Dailey; Disch, Joe Weber; Raoul St. Grouche, W. Douglas Stevenson; Marquis Cascara, Max Sheek; Katcha, Robert Dunlap; Byron Lizat, Major Crique; Napoleon Bernstein Archer, Carl Gordon; Ponia, Lulu Glaser; Fatiah, Mabel Fenton; Kickette De Lingerie, Bessie Clayton.

In the new burlesque on "The Merry Widow" all recollections of the ill-fated "Hip! Hip! Hooray!" are forgotten, and in his new entertainment written by George V. Hobart with

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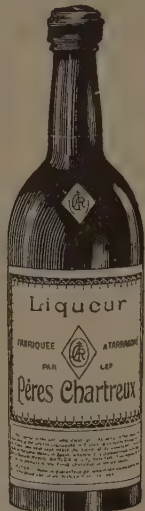
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And Peter F. Daly has once more returned to the fold; what this means is that there is a laugh and a wheeze every moment he is on the stage. This unctious comedian has seldom figured to greater advantage and his Caramel De Jolldog is an impersonation of really exquisite fun. Charles J. Ross is also home again, and for elegant reserve, grace and subtle but distinctive humor his Prince Dandilo is a positive creation. Joe Weber has a part, Disch, the janitor at the Embassy, from which he extracts a lot of fun, while Albert Hart as the Farsovian Ambassador and Mabel Fenton as his impressionable wife, add strength to an ensemble made still further effective by the breezy and engaging personality of Lulu Glaser in the title rôle and by the marvelous dancing talents of Bessie Clayton.

CASINO. "FUNABASHI." Musical play. Book by Irvin S. Cobb. Music and lyrics by Safford Waters. Produced January 6 with this cast:

Tecumseh J. Carter, Joseph Miron; Jack Carter, Walter Percival; Nan Livingston, Alice Fischer; Polly Rivers, Vera Michelena; Monty Beauchamp, Percy Ames; Owney McGehee, William Rock; Macy Bloomingdale Saks, Maude Fulton; Hon. Miss Gwyndolin Hillary-Hoops, Margaret Rutledge; Wilkinson, Charles Butler; Li How, D. W. Merket; William Harrison, W. S. Freeman.

Something will have to be done in the way of brightening up its libretto or "Funabashi" will go the way of so many of the unfortunates of the present theatrical season. It seems a pity that so much good time and money should have been expended in a style of entertainment quite exhausted by constant usage. "Funabashi" is a pale reflection of a phase of English musical comedy, never very vital, and now, like the Dodo, happily extinct. There is no particular interest in the love affairs of the principal characters—lay figures—whose prospective matrimonial intentions are complicated in a way that would deceive no one; while the low comedy rôles never lived or breathed outside the four walls of a theatre. There is incessant talk—most of it hopelessly futile—which is quite surprising, as the book is by Irvin S. Cobb, an up-to-date paragrapher and humorist. Mr. Cobb is also an editor, and for his own sake should use the blue pencil with slashing effect. "Funabashi" is supposed to be a satire on Secretary Taft's trip around the world. If so, that personage must have had a sad time of it if the experiences of his so-called prototype, Tecumseh J. Carter, played by Joseph C. Miron, are fair measures to go by. The music and most of the lyrics are by Safford Waters. Mr. Waters is a composer of light and graceful music. He has a dainty melodic sense and a nice and refined method of expression. If any criticism is to be made it is that there is not variety enough in his style. *Her Baggage Was Checked for Troy, The Island of Love, and I've Been Discharged by Them All*—the words of this song were by Paul West—were numbers received with real enthusiasm.

The cast is a long one. Alice Fischer plays a widow with an explosiveness fairly bewildering.

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ing. Vera Michelena is pretty and coquettish as Polly Rivers, while Maude Fulton as a shop girl traveling in the Orient is one of the refreshing incidents of the piece; her side partner, William Rock, is well known as a dancer, but as a comedian—there are some things it is better to forget.

LIBERTY. "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS." Play in three acts and two tableaux, by Margaret Mayo. Produced December 23 with this cast:

The Rev. John Douglass, Malcolm Williams; Deacon Strong, James Cherry; Deacon Elverson, J. B. Hollis; Doctor Hartley, Herbert Ayling; Hasty Jones, Guy Nichols; Uncle Toby, John Findlay; Big Jim, Joseph Brennan; Joe Barker, J. W. Benson; Mrs. Willoughby, Mathilde Weffing; Willie Willoughby, W. Burton James; Jennie Willoughby, Edith Wild; Julia Strong, Desirée Lazard; Miss Perkins, Jennie Weathersby; Mandy Jones, Mattie Ferguson; Polly, Mabel Taliaferro.

Frederic Thompson looks at drama through glasses focused for Hippodrome performances. His former productions have been noted for their spectacular effects, storms, shipwrecks and splendid sets. "Polly of the Circus" is no exception. In the third act we are shown a three-ringed circus, with bare-back riders, trapeze artists and clowns all performing at once. The story is buried under a snowdrift of "effects" and a final tableau is added to rescue the love interest. But the public, like the small boy, loves its circus and when, during the first week, an attempt was made to simplify the action and cut out the circus scene, nearly a hundred indignant spectators demanded their money back. A circus had been advertised and they had come to see it.

The scene is laid in a small town in the Middle West where a circus has planted its tents under the very nose of the church, much to the indignation of the worthy members. The young minister alone is charitable, and when Polly, a little bare-back rider, is injured by a fall, it is in his house and care that she is brought. A pathetic little scene of the farewell of the clown, Polly's self-constituted uncle, is well rendered here by John Finlay. Polly regains her health and learns to love the sweet home life which it has never been her good fortune to possess and to worship the minister. The elders demand that the circus rider be sent away. The minister, who in turn has come to love his small charge, refuses and they appeal to her, threatening the minister. To save him she rejoins the circus, now grown hateful to her, but, after an accident in the ring, he rescues her and persuades her that he needs her more than the people need him. In the final tableau the two watch the wagons of the circus depart over the hills. The mechanical set is very skillfully and effectively given.

Naïveté, archness and charm are the qualities infused into the rôle of Polly by the sympathetic acting of the dainty little star. And her charm is needed, for while the story is tender and well written, the village types are so over-emphasized in the portrayal as to become burlesques, and the Rev. John Douglass is about as full of life as a wooden Indian cigar sign.

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WALLACK'S. "A KNIGHT FOR A DAY." Musical farce in two acts. Book and lyrics by Robert B. Smith, music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced December 16 with this cast:

Mme. Woodbury, Mayme Taylor; Elaine, Lottie Kendall; Emile Sheldon, Percy Bronson; Marceline, Felix Fantus; Sir Anthony Oliver, Gavin Harris; Muriel Oliver, Sallie Fisher; Marco, Will P. Carleton; Tillie Day, May Vokes; Jonathan Joy, John Slavin; Adam, Edw. Beck.

We are not disposed to repress the enthusiasm of anyone who wishes to loudly express his approbation of the feat of the clown who finally succeeds in leaping over eight elephants or who becomes violent in his demonstrations at witnessing an unusual performance on the trapeze. It is a part of the show. Still, we prefer not to sit in immediate propinquity to some of the most active of these excited citizens. The degree of enthusiasm and the amount of multitudinous hand-clapping bestowed on a comic opera of the present day would carry any righteous cause of high moral purpose to success. Mass meetings in favor of the repeal of the corn laws or in opposition to slavery or in furtherance of the single tax have never called forth more expressions of approval than the dancing of seven Madcaps in a ballet such as we have in "A Knight for a Day." There are some unusual reasons for the approbation of certain minds at "A Knight for a Day." Comic opera has enlarged its field. The scene of the first act is laid at a female seminary. Our daughters and sisters in their teens are enlisted for the entertainment of the Rounder and are highly delectable in the free display of their modest persons. It is a new flip to the jaded. It is a noteworthy idea from Chicago. Tam O'Shanter was never pursued by a madder, although less comely rout than these madcaps, who dance with

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legs and arms and heads, with shouts of Bacchanalian joy, coming together in pairs at times, with bodies interlaced and turning double somersaults together. Again, we have a floral see-saw, with bulbs of electric light, the accompanying song assuring us that *Life is a See-saw*. There is no need for a plot when we have such a full measure of delight. The piece is absolutely free from any consistency or intelligence of idea. It has farce in it, but it is misnamed as a musical farce. It is simply a vaudeville entertainment. One of the episodic parts of it, complete in itself, is an elopement of the cook, May Vokes, with a professional waiter, John Slavin. He attempts to carry her and her trunk down a ladder. A most diverting scene of struggle. Miss Vokes has made the success of many pieces with her drolleries, which are the same always, but always witnessed with laughter. She cannot sing and her contributions in this direction are depressing. Still she is that rare thing, a female comedian. Mr. John Slavin is one of the most diverting funmakers to be seen. Somewhat dry in his humor, he pays his way. Miss Sally Fisher is the one who leads in song and comeliness. The piece is reinvigorating for the nervously exhausted and is pleasing to the song mad, color mad, and dance mad multitude.

CRITERION. "Miss Hook of Holland." Musical play by Paul A. Rubens and Austin Hurgon. Produced Dec. 31 with this cast:

Mr. Hook, Thomas Wise; Sally Hook, Christie MacDonald; Mina, Georgia Caine; Captain Adrian Paap, Bertram Wallis; Lieutenant De Coop, Glen White; Bandmaster Van Vuyt, John McCloskey; Simon Sinks, Will West; Ludwig Schnapps, Richard L. Lee; Old Policeman, Tom Collins; Van Eck, William B. Wood; Freda Voos, Catherine Cooper; Clara Voos, Marion Little; Gretchen, Florence Nash; An Old Market Woman, Eleanor Mansfield.

As musical comedies go, "Miss Hook of Holland" deserves to be ranked with those worth while wasting an evening to see. The music is pretty, the book bright, and in addition to the always unctious and amusing Tom Wise, there is in the cast a clever English comedian, Will West, who plays the rôle of a Dutch loafer with a Cockney accent. Unlike some English comedians recently imported, whose efforts to be funny were painfully forced, the ability to seize at once the grotesque side of a situation seems to be a natural gift with Mr. West. Everything he does is amusing, and he contributed in no small measure to the success of the production. Bertram Wallis, a handsome Englishman who sings well, pleased in the hero's rôle, and Miss Florence Nash, as a Dutch maiden with a lisp, also came in for a goodly share of applause. Miss Christie MacDonald looked charming as the heroine, but was not in very good voice on the opening night. There is an excellent chorus, and Mr. Frohman has given the piece a beautiful setting.

GERMAN THEATRE. "ON THE EVE." Drama in three acts, by Leopold Kampf. Produced December 20 with this cast:

Wasył, August Weigert; Anna Rikanskaja, Hedwig Reicher; Anton Tlatsoff, Adolf Winder; Sophia Ivanowna, Henrici-Weidt; Mascha, Milli Reimann; Tantal, Ernst Sauermann; Gregor, Rudolph Meinert; Praktikant, Max Liebl; Doktor, Heinrich Neeb; Bankier, Jacques Horwitz; Arina, Georgine Neuendorf; Sascha, Adolf Neuendorf; Olga Lianowitsch, Studentin, Albertine Cassani; Ivan Pavlowitsch, Finanzbeamter, Otto Meyer; Barbara, seine Frau, Anna's Tante, Elizabeth Arias; Maria, Ingenieursgattin, Marie Reichardt; Tanja, ihre jüngere Schwester, Cecile Wagner; Natalia, Asta Eggert; Katia, Anita Herbert; Revisor, Robert Schultze; Simon, der Dwornik, Carl Mauth.

"Am Vorabend" ("On the Eve") just misses being a great play. Unfortunately the author has subordinated (for practical playmaking purposes) his heart interest to his very evident purpose of making his drama a reflex of the revolutionary propaganda in the Russia of to-day. The result is three episodic acts, each a drama on its own account, and each showing a succession of events in underground Russia. The story, such as it is, concerns the fate of two co-workers in the "cause"—Wasył (August Weigert) and Anna Rikanskaja (Hedwig Reicher). These two are in love with each other and at first fight against this emotion and the natural trend toward one another because their affection might weaken their work in the sacred mission of blowing up autocrats. But the struggle is in vain and they yield to the inevitable. Then Wasył volunteers to destroy with a bomb the detested military governor, which means his own certain death, and the lovers part. This brings us to the end of Act II. Act III takes place at the home of Anna's aunt, Barbara Pavlowitsch (Marie Reichardt), secretly a revolutionist, and whose husband is a blatant, sudden officeholder. Here comes Wasył for a last farewell to Anna and also to ask her to place a lighted candle in their window as a signal that the governor has left

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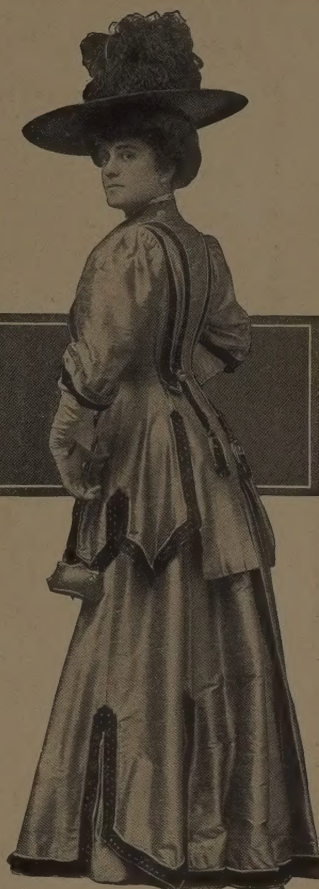
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the opera, which event can be plainly seen from the house. An effective parting again takes place and Wasy! leaves to execute his mission, i. e., to blow up the governor and incidentally himself. The aunt at the window gives Anna the warning details of the approach of the governor's carriage. Once Anna lights the candle and tremblingly extinguishes it; again and again she tries, but her hands tremble and no light. At a last warning from Aunt Barbara, Anna lights the candle and staggers to the window with it. A moment of suspense. Off goes the bomb in the street below, there are groans, cries, shouts and then silence. Anna has a tremendous speech upon liberty for Russia, sinks upon her knees and with uplifted hands cries, "Weiter! Weiter!" (Onward! Onward!). The effect is tremendous and had it been preceded by two acts worthy of the third, it would sweep the town. But in Act I there is one set of people getting arrested, disappear from the play and have nothing to do with the story. In Act II the same thing happens, except that *omnes* are not taken by the police, all of which bad play-making produces the effect of a one-act play. The acting is from bad to worse. All of these people are supposed to be conspirators, every second in danger of their lives, and yet these brass-lunged German actors howled as if they were at a football game. The one bright spot, as usual, was the Tantal of Ernest Sauermann, whose portraiture of the escaped revolutionist was a cameo of artistic creation amidst a lot of crude, uncut stones.

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DALY'S. "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES." Melodrama dramatized from Meredith Nicholson's novel by George Middleton. Produced January 6 with this cast:

John Marshall Glenarm, Frank E. Aiken; John Glenarm, Stephen Grattan; Arthur Pickering, William Hazeltine; Larry Donovan, George M. Graham; Rev. Dr. Stoddard, Lewis Filler; The Sheriff, J. H. Todd; Morgan, Fred A. Sullivan; Bates, Mr. Holland; Sister Theresa, Edna Conroy; Marian Devereaux, Mabel Roebuck; Gladys Olivia Armstrong, Mary Elizabeth Forbes.

Ibsen is in danger from an attack in the rear. Shaw is in peril from an assault on his flank. A play has arrived on Broadway about a House with a Thousand Candles, with subterranean passages and secret panels and hidden documents. An eccentric old man determines to give it out that he is dead and to impose certain conditions in his will upon a somewhat wayward grandson to whom he will give the estate. This grandson is to remain in the house or on the estate for one year and to marry a certain girl, he himself being supposed to be a woman-hater. The girl promptly turns up, but under the name of another girl in the neighborhood, her companion. The house has been left in charge of a butler, a part played by Mr. Holland. The executor of the Glenarm estate, a lawyer, is a rascal, in love with the girl and anxious to obtain some papers of value, the production of which would ruin him financially, which are concealed about the house.

Mr. Holland in playing the part of Bates, the butler, an impossible character, achieves the impossible as only such a thorough-paced artist could do it. This butler has found employment at the Glenarm House, a man of mystery, a gentleman in hiding, who, as we learn at the very end of the play, has permitted it to be believed in his distant home from which he has fled that he was guilty of certain large forgeries, when in reality the culprit was the father of the girl whom the grandson is to presently marry. The cause of his love for this girl, not being known to the audience during the greater part of the action, leads the audience to believe that there is to be a love affair between them. The butler is certainly a man of mystery and mystifies the audience completely. In all frankness it was distressing to witness the art of Mr. Holland thrown away upon such a part.

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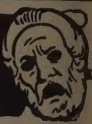
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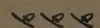
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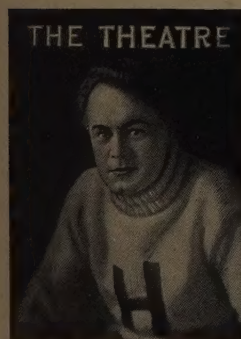
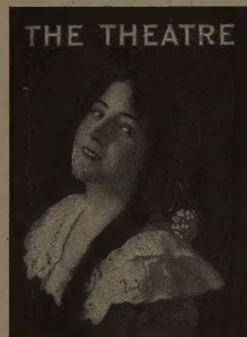
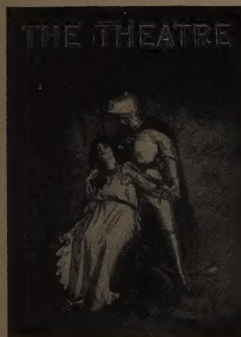
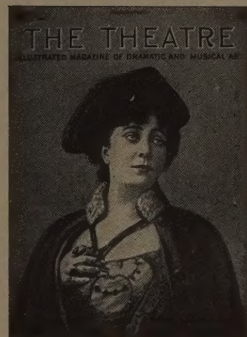
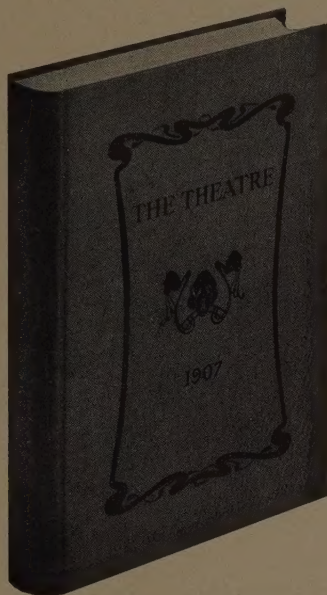
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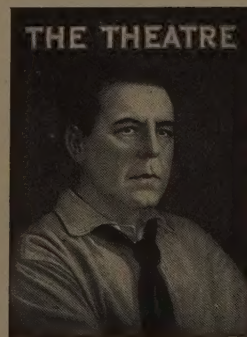
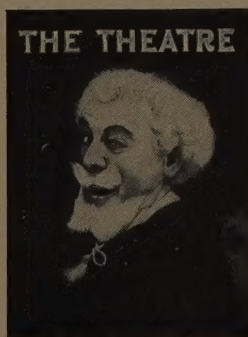
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